

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,043



THE

GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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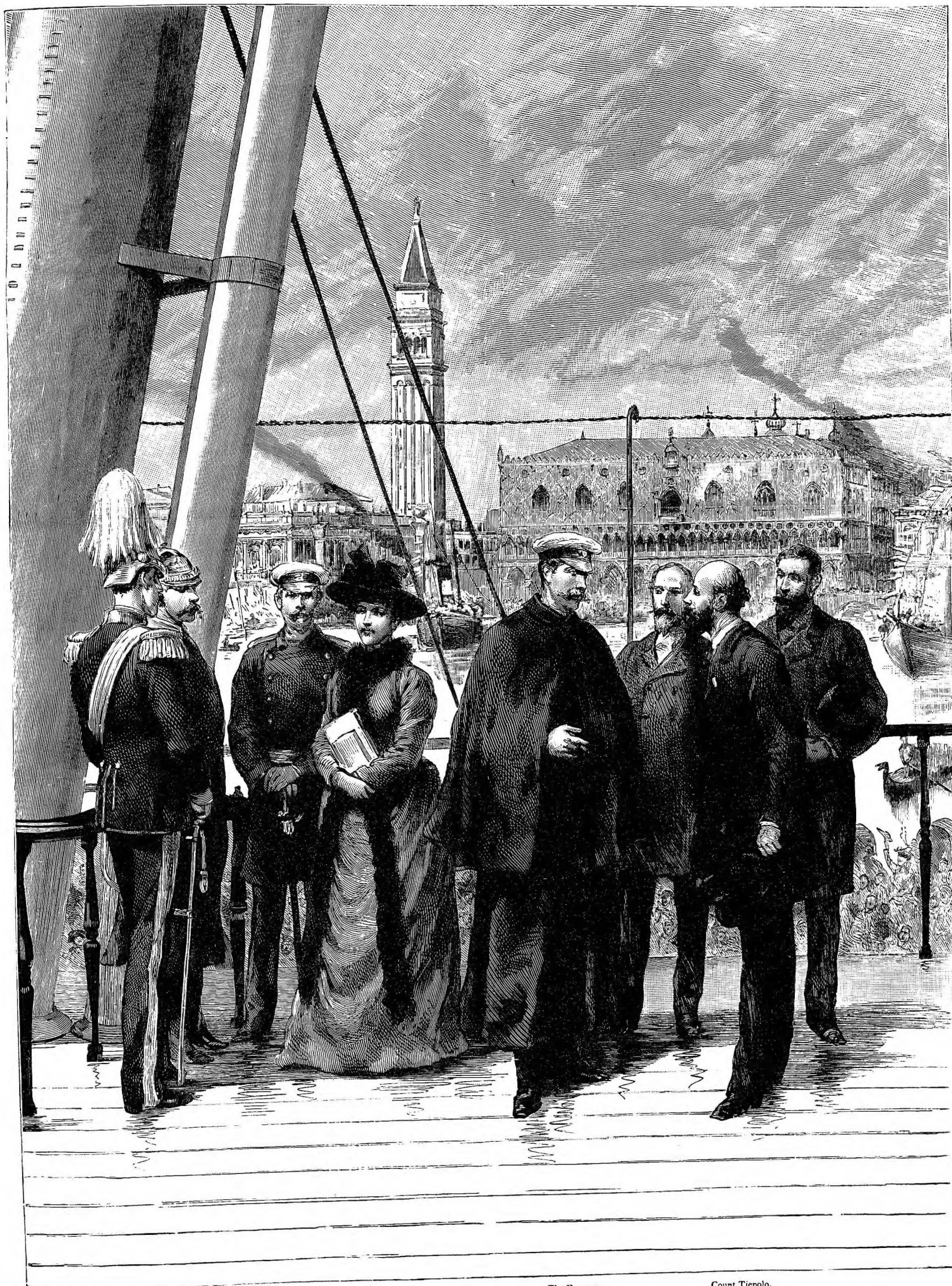
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1889

WITH
EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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The King of Italy's Representatives

Prince Henry
of Battenberg

The Empress

The Emperor

Count Tiepolo,
The Sindaco

TAKING LEAVE OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY ON BOARD THE "HOHENZOLLERN"

THE DEPARTURE OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF GERMANY FROM VENICE

Topics of the Week

THE BRAZILIAN REVOLUTION.—The revolutionary movement which led to the expulsion of the Imperial Family from Brazil is likely to be one of the puzzles of history. The explanation of movements of this kind generally lies on the surface, but in the present instance even those who are familiar with the country find it difficult to account for what has happened. The Emperor is a man of high personal character, and, even when he was about to quit the country he had so long ruled, the people took the opportunity of showing that he had not lost their respect and regard. It seems probable that the overthrow of his dynasty must be attributed chiefly to the abolition of slavery. That great measure—the triumph of which was secured mainly through the enthusiasm of the Emperor and the Princess Imperial—enraged the landowners as a class, and at the time when the Decree of Emancipation was promulgated it was foretold that the result would be disastrous to the Throne. If this be the real secret of the Revolution, the outside world can only say—All honour to the Emperor Dom Pedro! He himself, we may be certain, feels that the loss of a Crown is not too high a price to pay for a splendid victory in the cause of humanity. It is too early yet to form a very decided opinion on the question whether the Republican Government is likely to be successful. The various provinces might have been held together by a common allegiance to the Sovereign, but it is doubtful whether they will care to remain united under elected rulers. The country is so vast that the interests of some wide districts are very different from those of others, and it may be impossible for the Republicans to prevent one after another of the various groups of the population from asserting their independence. In that case there is much trouble in store for the Brazilians, and they will have little reason to congratulate themselves on the extinction of their Monarchical institutions.

REVOLUTIONS THEN AND NOW.—As this is the centenary year of the Great French Revolution, the parent of all the subsequent revolutions which have taken place both in the Old and New Worlds, it is natural to make a comparison between the way such things were done then and now. Poor ill-fated Louis XVI. was a most easy-going, good-natured man, whose chief fault as a King (it was a terrible fault) was his aversion to shed blood in civil strife. There is little doubt that that "whiff of grape-shot" which the old Duc de Broglie threatened, and of which Carlyle speaks so mockingly, would, if applied early in the revolutionary troubles, have saved oceans of subsequent bloodshed. But setting this aside, and taking Louis as he was, a feeble, unstable administrator, it seems strange now, with our subsequent abundant experience, that when he escaped from Paris in 1791 in that lumbering *berline*, the revolutionists did not connive at his flight. Indeed, they ought to have built a golden bridge for his departure. And even a year later, when the Tuileries had been sacked, why did not the Girondists, who, despite their theatrical folly, had some grains of conscience left—why did they not send the King and his family over to England, then at peace with France, with a promise which no doubt poor Louis would have honourably observed—that he should not make war against his native country? In subsequent revolutions the French people had learnt wisdom. Charles the Tenth was merely banished; Louis Philippe avoided banishment by ignominious flight. But the Brazilians have topped the record in this respect. In a country fifteen times as big as France, a few conjurors appear. "Presto!" they cry, "the Empire is now a Republic," and straightway the worthy old Peter and his family find themselves on board ship, crossing the Atlantic towards the land of their ancestors. Truly, this Brazilian transformation scene is one of the neatest things out in the revolutionary line.

COLONIAL FEDERATION.—A most persistent Nemesis seems destined to attend the lagging footsteps of Imperial Federation. Last week a sympathetic audience in the City listened approvingly to Lord Rosebery's report of progress. There was not much to report, it is true, but the meeting took too optimistic a view of the general situation to cavil about details. But in spite of their cheerfulness, some of them must have been turned towards gloomy thoughts by Mr. Duncan Gillies' reply to Sir Henry Parkes. If Colonial Federation must precede Imperial, as most thoughtful people allow, this sparring match between the Premiers of the two most important Australian colonies does not look encouraging for the latter. They dispute, too, merely about a preliminary, the matter in question being nothing more than whether the question of united military defence shall be relegated to the present Federal Council or to a specially-appointed Convention. New South Wales favours the latter alternative, because a Convention might be empowered to inquire into the wider question of Federation. But Victoria prefers the Federal Council, and Queensland sides with her, their view being that it would get the matter more quickly settled. To outsiders, it may appear that there cannot be much love for Federation on either side when such a trifle gives rise to quarrelling. That idea

would be a mistake; there are many and growing signs that the Australian colonies have a sincere desire for closer cohesion. But they are divided both by ancient jealousies and by conflicting commercial interests, and each fears lest this or that rival should gain some unfair advantage through Federation. It is much the same in South Africa, while New Zealand doubts whether she would not be more a loser than a gainer by establishing closer relations with Australia. No doubt, these animosities and suspicions will die out in time, but for the moment they are very keen, and there seems but little likelihood of the "stepping-stone" to Imperial Federation becoming an accomplished fact for some years.

THE BRUSSELS CONFERENCE.—All civilised men and women will await with interest the decisions of the Conference which has met at Brussels for the purpose of devising means for the suppression of the slave trade. The subject is one which has touched the sympathies of several generations of Englishmen, and we may fairly claim that we have done some honest and effective work in the attempt to grapple with this monstrous evil. Unfortunately we cannot claim that we have done all that we might have done. It is universally admitted that the slave traffic can be thoroughly abolished only by the opening up of Africa to legitimate commerce; and much might have been accomplished in this direction if we had decided to hold the Soudan. We abandoned the outposts which had been won for civilisation; and so the hunt for slaves, which had been seriously checked, was renewed with all its horrors over a vast region. This, however, is "ancient history," and it remains for us only to hope that the labours of the Conference may lead to some solid and fairly satisfactory results. Its members ought to have no difficulty in agreeing to the right of international search. That is the most vital of all the proposals they will have to discuss; and, if they fail to arrive at an understanding about it, any other measures they may recommend will be useless. Hitherto the difficulty in the way has been the opposition of France; but it is supposed that, when she is confronted by the general opinion of Europe about the matter, she may abandon a policy which does little credit either to the humanity or to the practical wisdom of her statesmen. Another scheme is that a Consular Tribunal should be established at Zanzibar for the punishment of any one who may be proved to have taken part in the slave trade. This would certainly be to some extent deterrent, if all the Powers were equally earnest in the desire to bring to justice those persons who seek to enrich themselves by engaging in a traffic which causes so much human misery.

THE NEW RADICAL PROGRAMME.—The more moderate adherents of Mr. Gladstone are beginning to understand that they must make a more zealous profession of the doctrines of modern Radicalism if they would avoid the peril of being irrevocably shunted into a siding by such men as Mr. Labouchere and Mr. John Burns. There could not be found a more suitable mouthpiece for the enunciation of the new departure than Mr. John Morley, who was a genuine Radical at a time when Mr. Gladstone and most of his followers were still wrapped in the swathing-bands of old-fashioned Whiggery. Apart from his frequent sneers at the Conservatives—sneers which only tend to disgust that large section of the electorate who are patriots first and partisans afterwards—Mr. Morley's address was sensible and statesmanlike. Although he professed to put Ireland still in the foreground, he is well aware that Home Rule excites very little enthusiasm—at any rate, on this side of St. George's Channel—and, therefore, he speedily passed on to more congenial topics. Few will quarrel with his definition of the kind of Socialism of which he can approve, and of the kind of Socialism which he unhesitatingly rejects. The keynote pervading the remainder of his speech was that more freedom of action should be given to local bodies. He applied that doctrine successively to Education (including the feeding of poor children), to the Licensing Laws, to the Allotment System, and to the treatment of paupers. Considering that the Conservatives were the authors of the Local Government Act, they surely need not adopt an attitude of uncompromising hostility towards any attempt which will logically extend the field of the operations of the County Councils. But we warn them against bringing in bogus Bills which are pretty to look at but practically unworkable. What they do, they should do with a good will, or not do at all. Regarding the Eight Hours' proposal, Mr. Morley perceives its inherent unworkableness, and preserves his independence. There is only one point in his speech in which we thoroughly disagree with Mr. Morley. With our scant list of dutiable commodities, it would be a serious matter to take off the tax on tea, nor is it physiologically true that "tea is the article which a man can least hurtfully drink." For hard-working and not too-well fed people, small beer, which was the ordinary beverage a couple of generations ago, was a wholesomer tippie than the tea which is now drunk so freely.

THE EGYPTIAN BUDGET.—Once more the Khédive is in a position to boast his ability to pay his way in the world, while lightening the pressure of taxation on his subjects. The Egyptian Budget distinctly shows progress; not only is a surplus left in hand, but several vexatious taxes are

abolished, to the great satisfaction of their former victims. It has to be remembered, too, that these satisfactory results are shown by a comparatively poor and struggling country, which is compelled to pay a higher rate of interest on her debt than would satisfy the Money Market. Were France to give her sanction to the proposed conversion-operation, the Khédive would be able to make further remissions of taxation, or the money saved could be laid out profitably on irrigation works. Since, however, France elects to show her love for the fellahs by refusing to lighten their financial burdens, it is a most fortunate dispensation which gives the Cairo treasury this welcome surplus. A deficit would have necessitated an increase of taxation, thereby helping the hands of the foreign intriguers, who are doing all in their power to stir up Egyptian animosity against England. Let us hope that next year's harvest will prove as prolific as the one lately gathered in. It was that element of prosperity which mainly produced the surplus; and, although the statement is made that the present Revenue Estimates are based "on a moderate calculation," any failure of the Nile to act as fertiliser might possibly upset the Budget. On the other hand, the Soudanese seem to have had enough of fighting: even the most pious of dervishes gets tired of being killed after a time. There is less likelihood, therefore, of a drain on the Treasury for war expenses, while the increased area under irrigation slightly diminishes the danger of a low Nile. Egypt is not yet strong enough to walk alone; but she is getting stronger every year, thanks to Nurse Britannia.

TWO HOME RULE PARTIES.—The members of the Gladstonian party are looking forward with considerable eagerness to the manifesto which is expected from their leader next month. It is hoped that he may say something which will make it easy for them to carry on the movement for Home Rule. We may doubt whether their wish will be gratified. The question whether the Irish members are to be retained at Westminster is still the *crux* of the Home Rule controversy, and it is almost certain that Mr. Gladstone's opinion on the subject is exactly the same as it was on the day when he introduced into the House of Commons his Bill for the establishment of an Irish Parliament. He has, indeed, spoken of his readiness to bow to the popular will, but he has not uttered a word implying that his own conviction has been changed. The more the question is considered, the less will any one be surprised by the persistency with which he clings to his original scheme, for the only real alternative is a plan by which the United Kingdom would be broken up into four parts, each with a Parliament of its own, and all represented in a supreme Imperial Parliament. There is much to be said for this proposal, and it has already excited the enthusiasm of a powerful section of the Liberal party. But it is a proposal of vast scope, and we cannot wonder that Mr. Gladstone shrinks from it, or from any half-way measure that seems logically to lead to so great a revolution. There are now two Home Rule parties, and it will probably become more and more clear that Mr. Gladstone represents only one of them, and that even if he had a nominal majority in Parliament, the success of his policy would be imperilled by the conflicting ideals of his followers.

SIR EDWARD GUINNESS'S GIFT.—More private munificence! This is Mr. Chamberlain's "ransom" theory with a vengeance. Supposing that all the rich men were to follow Sir Edward's example, it would be a case of the "Panem et Circenses" of Imperial Rome over again, and it is to be feared that the poor would cease to work altogether, and become irremediably pauperised. But, average human nature being what it is, there is not the least danger of this contingency occurring, and therefore we may honestly thank Sir Edward for his handsome gift. For it indicates no ordinary amount of unselfishness to part during one's lifetime with a quarter of a million sterling. As for the objects aimed at by the gift, opinions may differ. Everybody admits that there is a vast amount of bad housing and overcrowding in all large cities; and nowhere perhaps more so than in London and Dublin. Everybody perhaps is not so well aware that there are Acts of Parliament in existence which, if effectively and systematically applied, would alleviate these scandals. Only the other day a London magistrate pulled up pretty sharply a landlady whose houses were in an insanitary condition, and, if other magistrates and local officials were to show a similar resolution, many nuisances might be abated. Meanwhile, Sir Edward Guinness purposes to bridge over the gulf of misery by the exercise of a discriminating charity. His aim is "to provide clean and healthy homes for people somewhat poorer than those who occupy the existing artisans' dwellings." No doubt he will succeed to a certain extent. But he and his managers will have to discriminate in selecting their lodgers. They will have to choose decent and quiet poverty; they will be compelled to reject dirty, drunken, rowdy folks who are the chief patrons of the overcrowded dwellings, and who would speedily convert the "modellest" model lodging-house into a pig-sty. It is no very easy matter to combat moral evil with mere material improvements.

THE "ZEPHYR."—By far the most serious matter brought to light during the late inquiry into the loss of the steamship *Zephyr* is the alleged culpability of the Board of Trade officials at Cardiff. Here was a partially rotten ship which habitually left port in a perilous condition, and that, too, late in the season. Yet those whose duty it was to prevent such a scandalous occurrence seem to have had their eyes hermetically sealed. They never noticed her faulty gangways and weak bulwarks; it never struck them that she was overloaded. All was for the best in the best of all possible worlds so far as they were concerned; that is, so long as they received pay for performing duty which they did not perform. And so the *Zephyr* put to sea once too often, encountered a moderate gale, which quickly found out her weak points; and foundered. Reading this history, the public will be more convinced than ever that Mr. Plimsoll has every cause to enter the lists once more on behalf of poor Jack. If the Cardiff officials behaved in this scandalous manner, as the Court of Assessors finds they did, what assurance have we that the same shameful negligence does not prevail at other ports? It is not within the bounds of probability that the whole of the inefficients in the Board's service are stationed at Cardiff. And if not, then we are brought into the presence of a most alarming development of the "how not to do it" system, in a great public department. Other questions, especially that of over-insurance, came to the front during this inquiry, but they are of minor importance compared with the imputation on the inspecting officials. They should be given, of course, a fair opportunity of clearing their characters, and we trust, for the credit of the State, that they will succeed. But enough has come to light, in any case, to justify the renewal of Mr. Plimsoll's crusade. It was actually left for him to discover, on one occasion, that the ill-fated *Zephyr* was putting to sea dangerously overloaded.

THE ETRUSCANS.—Who were the ancient Etruscans? This is a question which has often been asked, and all sorts of answers have been suggested by scholars. Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, the well-known American anthropologist, has been studying the subject, and has offered a new solution which is likely to attract a good deal of attention. His view is that the Etruscans were originally Kabyles, and that they came from Northern Africa. Many of the Kabyles, who still form a considerable proportion of the native population of Algeria, are tall, with long skulls, fair hair, and blue or gray eyes. This, as Mr. Brinton shows from the evidence afforded by skeletons and by remains of ancient Art, was the prevailing physical type of the Etruscans. He points out also—here following the German scholar Otfried Müller—that the earliest Etruscans, according to the unanimous testimony of antiquity, landed on the western shore of Italy, crossing the sea from the south, and that this was the belief of the Etruscans themselves. Other facts favourable to his theory are that the position of women seems to have been much the same among the Etruscans as it is among the Kabyles, and that the principle of Confederation has always been a prominent element in the political life of the latter, just as it was in that of the former. In language, too, Dr. Brinton has found some remarkable analogies indicating a connection between the two peoples. So many hypotheses relating to the Etruscans have been exploded that this one may have no better fate than its predecessors, but it is certainly worthy of being closely investigated, and it ought to excite a good deal of interest in Italy. It would be odd if it could be proved that the Etruscan blood of the North Italian folk gives them a certain kinship to vigorous tribes on the borders of the Libyan Desert.

'BUS MEN AND 'BUS FARES.—The strike-mania goes on merrily, and in several instances (notably the bakers') the men have scored a victory. This success, as we pointed out last week, is greatly due to the fact that the discontent which has provoked these strikes arises quite as much from a desire for shorter hours of labour as from insufficient wages. These remarks especially apply to the 'bus men and tramcar men, who have for many years been notable for their long hours of work and their scanty leisure. The difficulty of finding a remedy without lessening the remuneration of these overworked and indispensable public servants is enhanced by the keen competition existing between the various carriers of the London passenger traffic. In almost every quarter of the metropolis an energetic warfare is carried on between underground railway companies, tramcar companies, and omnibus companies. The public have benefited largely by this rivalry. Old folks can remember when the omnibus had only one uniform fare—sixpence. Gradually the price was lowered, till now we are conveyed from Liverpool Street to Charing Cross or Oxford Circus, or from Piccadilly Circus to Kensington Church (we merely quote three familiar examples) for a penny. It is true that under this system what are known as "short passengers" abound; the vehicles empty and fill two or three times during one of these journeys, but nevertheless the competing lines are less prosperous, than they were, and the cheap prices necessarily add to the work of both coachmen and conductors. Horses are being perpetually pulled up, fares collected, and doors slammed. Then, if the companies combined, and raised their fares, would not the public diminish their patronage? Even if the penny fares were raised only to three-halfpence, there

would doubtless be fewer passengers. The problem is a difficult one, for, unless the proprietors can increase their takings, they will refuse to add to their staff of workmen, and yet without this a reduction of the working-hours of each individual *employe* will be practically unattainable.

BOXING MATCHES AND SCOTLAND YARD.—It is not easy to perceive the sweet reasonableness of refusing police protection for boxing matches. These exhibitions are either legal or illegal. If legal, they are as much entitled to the services of the police as race meetings, football matches, or Thames regattas. If illegal, they ought to be instantly suppressed. The Commissioner seems inclined to experiment with that dangerous acrobatic performance, sitting on two stools at the same time. To suppress glove-fights, on the ground that they are thinly-veiled prize fights—which they often are—would bring him into odium with the many-headed. On the other hand, to accord them police sanction would draw down upon him the wrath of those worthy souls who regard boxing as a brutalising and demoralising sport. Placed between these opposing forces, Mr. Monro dodges both by permitting glove-fights to take place, provided their promoters are willing to dispense with the attendance of the police. There is a certain adroitness in this method of escape, but it has the disadvantage of consigning what, under proper regulations, is a reasonably wholesome entertainment for the masses, to the domain of the disreputable. Latterly, boxing matches have come into vogue at many places of unquestionable respectability, and there cannot be any doubt that the halo thus imparted to the sport was gradually giving it a new and better character. But without the police to keep order, no decent place of entertainment would care to run the risk of riot and free fighting. Nor, even if they did face that danger, would the public pay for the chance of being maltreated and robbed by the brawny ruffians who would be masters of the situation. Who would go to a racecourse or any other scene of popular recreation unless assured of police protection? Boxing matches may not be refined spectacles, but a very large number of Londoners take interest in them; and, so long as they are legalised, Mr. Monro would do well to include them in his list of protected amusements.

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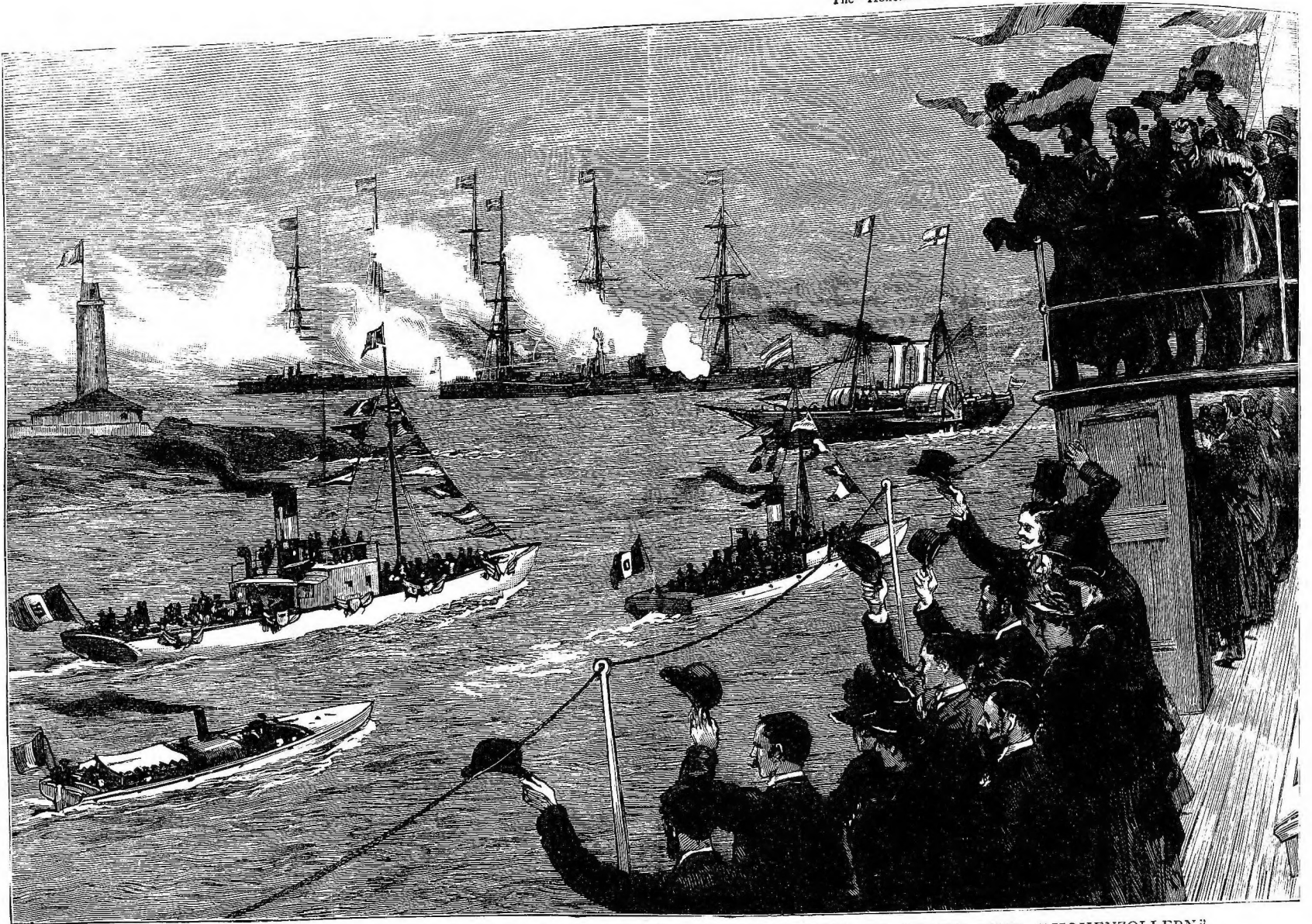
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With EACH COPY of the CHRISTMAS NUMBER will be presented a SPECIMEN of the PRELIMINARY NUMBER of "THE DAILY GRAPHIC," the first regular issue of which will appear on January 4th, 1890.

The "Hohenzollern"



THE ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF GERMANY AT VENICE ON BOARD THE "HOHENZOLLERN"



THE VISIT OF THE ROYAL PARTY TO THE PARTHENON
THE PRINCE OF WALES IN GREECE



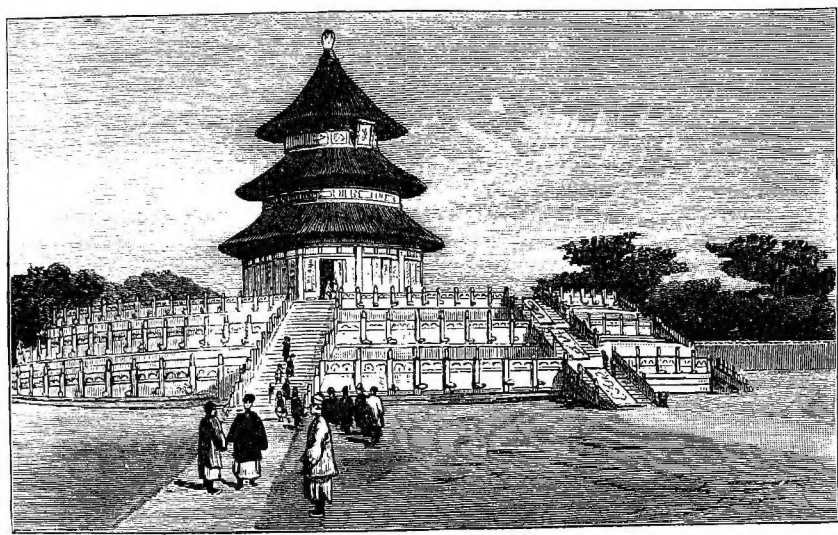
EDWIN HATCH, D.D.
Rector of Purleigh, Essex
Born in 1834. Died November 10, 1889



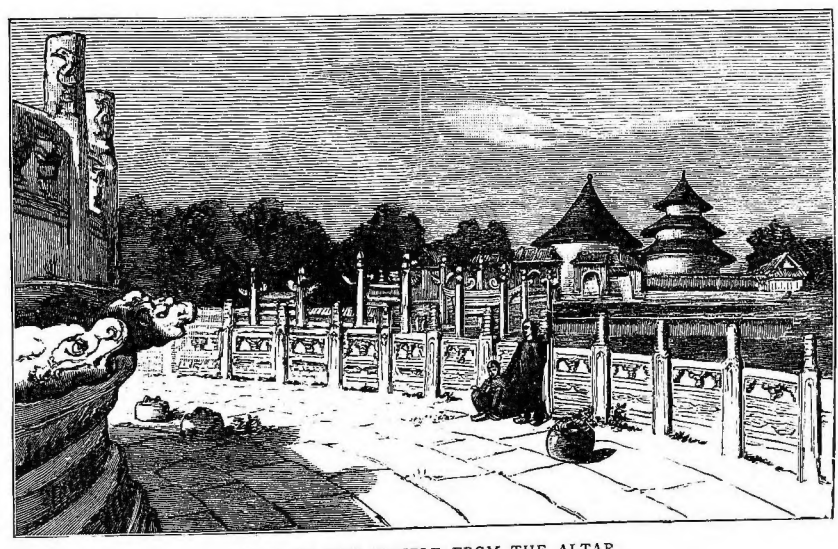
EVELYN, SIXTH VISCOUNT FALMOUTH
Born March 19, 1819. Died November 6, 1889



MR. ALFRED HAGGIS
Deputy-Chairman of the London County Council

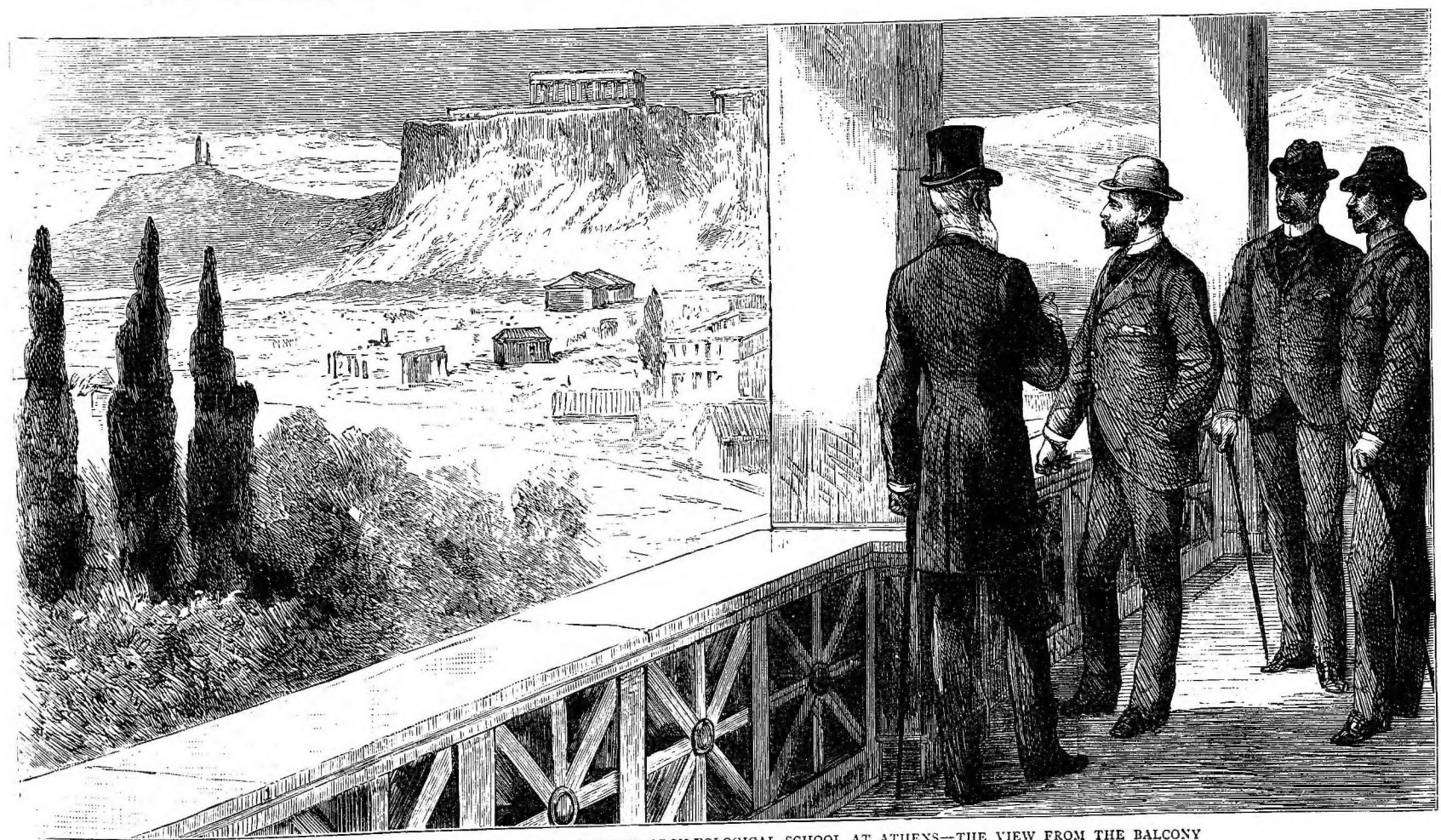


THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE TEMPLE



VIEW OF THE TEMPLE FROM THE ALTAR

THE DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKIN, CHINA



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL SCHOOL AT ATHENS—THE VIEW FROM THE BALCONY
THE PRINCE OF WALES IN GREECE

NOTICE.—*With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing PORTRAITS of the EX-EMPEROR and EX-EMPRESS of BRAZIL, and a PANORAMIC VIEW of the CITY of RIO DE JANEIRO, with descriptive Letterpress.*

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER IN CANADA.—It will scarcely be believed that it is seriously contemplated by the Canadian Government to impose a tax upon all the Christmas Numbers containing coloured pictures amounting, in our case, to an impost of 5d. on each copy. It is contended that under existing laws they have always had this power, and although, hitherto, they have never put it in force, they intend doing so at once—in fact, this coming Christmas. The time chosen is scarcely happy. The season of Christmas is supposed to overflow with peace, good-will, and fraternity. But the imposition of this tariff will practically prohibit any such expressions on our part, as the *Graphic* Christmas Number will be no more seen by our Canadian brethren unless they are blest with very long purses. On November 15th the respective Managers of the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic* waited on the Agent-General for Canada, Sir Charles Tupper, who promised to use his best influence with the Government of Canada to prevent such a retrograde policy. As at this present time our Special Artist (Mr. Villiers) is travelling with the Governor-General over the Canadian Pacific Railway, for the purpose of showing both to capitalists and emigrants the remarkable attractions and resources of that magnificent country, this oppressive measure seems singularly inopportune.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT VENICE

QUITE a fleet of steamers, gaily decorated with bunting, proceeded to Malamocco, from Venice, on Thursday morning, the 12th inst., to meet the German Emperor and Empress, conveying members of the Corporation, invited guests, the excellent City Band, and the German residents. The Imperial party were loudly cheered when they were observed on the bridge of the *Hohenzollern*. The journey to Venice is about four miles, and amidst the salvoes of the German ironclads, the Royal yacht led the way down the narrow course, marked out by groups of piles, to the basin of Saint Mark's. A fresh breeze and a bright sun enlivened the whole scene. Arriving opposite the Ducal Palace the *Hohenzollern* was imme-



THE EMPEROR GIVING HIS FINAL ORDERS AT THE VENICE
RAILWAY STATION

diately boarded by the Prefect, Sindaco, and General of the District, who had come to pay their respects. The Emperor and Empress remained on deck for nearly an hour, engaged in animated conversation, and seemed enchanted with the scene before them. Both the Emperor and Empress repeatedly expressed to the Sindaco (Count Tiepolo) their great delight at the appearance of the city. The Emperor, two hours after the arrival of the *Hohenzollern*, left his consort for Monza, to take part in a hunt arranged by King Humbert. The scene of his departure from the railway station was most brilliant, the Carabineers and firemen lining the platform, where the new saloon carriage was waiting.—Our engraving of the arrival of the Emperor is from a photograph by Reginald Barratt, Venice; that of the “last command” was taken at the moment of departure.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT ATHENS

ON his return from Egypt the Prince paid a second visit to Athens, arriving on November 7th, on board the Royal yacht *Osborne*, at the Piræus, where he was welcomed by his wife and daughters, by King George and the Greek Royal family, and by the British Minister, Sir E. Monson, with his Staff. Next day the Prince, accompanied by Sir E. Monson and his Staff, visited the British and American Archaeological Schools at Athens. The 6th of November, being the Prince's birthday, was celebrated by a brilliant *fête*. A *Te Deum* was performed in the English Church, the ships in the harbour were gay with bunting, and their guns fired a salute. In the evening there was a grand banquet at the Palace, and the city was illuminated. The visit to the Parthenon took place before the Prince went to Egypt. Of all the beautiful specimens of architecture whose remains are extant on the Acropolis, those of the Parthenon are the finest. It was the most magnificent of the Athenian temples; but much of its sculpture and

ornaments have disappeared. Many fragments of exquisite carvings, however, are still scattered about the Acropolis. The ancient ruin looks especially effective by moonlight. On the 11th of November the British Royal party left by rail for Patras, where the *Osborne* was waiting for them, and on the following day they arrived at Brindisi, after a rough passage. One of our illustrations represents the leave-taking, the King and Queen of Greece, the King of Denmark, the Duke of Sparta, and the Czarevitch coming to bid their kinsfolk farewell. The saloon-car was provided with a large gallery, furnished with cane chairs and curtains at the four corners. The Princess of Wales, together with the King of Greece and Prince George of Wales, mounted to this gallery, and waited there while the Prince said good-bye to the Queen of Greece.

DR. EDWIN HATCH

WHO died at his residence in Oxford on the evening of November 10th from a combined attack of pleurisy and heart-disease, was in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and was afterwards a scholar of Pembroke College, Oxford, where he had a distinguished career. After a residence in Canada as Professor and Head of a College, he returned to Oxford in 1867, and became Vice-Principal of St. Mary Hall, a post which he held until four years ago. Latterly he was Rector of Purleigh, Essex, and Reader in Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. Dr. Hatch's Bampton Lectures, delivered in 1880, had the honour of being translated into German; he also delivered the Hibbert Lectures in 1887, and wrote a volume of essays on Biblical Greek. He also wrote numerous articles for dictionaries and periodicals. At the time of his death he was engaged on a Concordance to the Septuagint, a work of stupendous labour.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Gillman and Co., Oxford.

LORD FALMOUTH

IN "Pastimes" last week we gave some account of the noble sportsman (the phrase is frequently used of those who are neither sportsmen nor noble, but it is applicable in its fullest meaning to Lord Falmouth) who passed away on the 6th inst. We mentioned then his stern rectitude, and the eminent example which he showed to his brother sportsmen in this respect; his wonderful run of success, especially in the "classic" races—handicaps he did not care about, probably owing to the way in which horses are "readied" for these events—and his invincible objection to betting. Little, then, remains for us to say here. Evelyn Boscawen, sixth Viscount Falmouth, was born in 1819, educated at Eton and Oxford, and in 1841 called to the Bar. Four years later he married the Baroness Le Despencer, of Mereworth Castle, Kent, by whom he leaves three sons and three daughters. In 1852 he succeeded his cousin in the Viscounty; and shortly after, being already known as a breeder of cattle and half-breeds, began the formation of his now famous stud, with which for nearly thirty years he was so highly successful. In 1884 he broke up his stud and retired from the Turf, and thereafter raced but little. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Colonel the Hon. Evelyn Boscawen, Coldstream Guards.—Our portrait is from a photograph by H. R. Sherborn, Newmarket.

MR. ALFRED HAGGIS

ON November 7th the London County Council assembled for the purpose (among other matters) of electing a new Deputy-Chairman, in the room of the late Mr. Firth. Three candidates were proposed. Of these, Mr. Eccleston Gibb received nineteen votes; Mr. Fardell, fifty-one; and Mr. Alfred Haggis, fifty-nine. The last-named gentleman was therefore elected. His salary is to be 1,500*l.* per annum, in lieu of the 2,000*l.* paid to Mr. Firth. From a statement made by Mr. G. W. E. Russell we learn that Mr. Haggis has had considerable municipal experience. He has been an Alderman of Croydon since 1883, and has held other influential positions in that district, as well as in sundry Committees of the London County Council. He is a man of moderate temper and conciliatory manners, lucid and weighty in speech, and with an easy mastery of the subjects which he has taken in hand.—Our portrait is from a photograph taken by Fradelle and Young, 246, Regent Street, W.

THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN AT PEKIN

THIS singular and highly-venerated edifice was destroyed by fire on September 18th, and reduced to a heap of smouldering ruins. There was a severe thunderstorm just before the fire, which, therefore, may have been caused by lightning, although it is also attributed to incendiarism. Foreigners settled in China hope that the latter may prove to be the case, as the young Emperor's reign has already been marked by several calamitous events, and if this fire were due to lightning (that is, in Chinese opinion, to the wrath of the gods), it might seriously affect the stability of the dynasty. It is characteristic of the Chinese that, with all their professed reverence for the temple, they have taken very little care of it. Mr. George Forbes, who visited it in 1875, and took some photographs of it, found it in a ruinous and filthy condition. The temple was 99 feet high, with a triple circular roof of ultramarine blue tiles. It was erected over an altar, and is believed to date from the fifth century of our era. Every year at the opening of spring the Emperor went thither to pray for a fruitful year. Bullocks were slaughtered and burnt on the altar, a prayer was read from a scroll, and also burnt, while the Emperor prostrated himself before a tablet dedicated to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe.—We are enabled to publish these engravings through the courtesy of Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming, who kindly placed the sketches at our disposal.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN EGYPT

We gave a succinct account last week of the Prince's brief but successful visit to the Land of the Pharaohs. A very summary description of our illustrations, therefore, will here suffice. On November 4th, after a trip to the Pyramids, where the party was met by Bedouins on horseback and on foot, with native music, who escorted the Prince to the foot of the Great Pyramid, where he was received by the Khédive. H.R.H. and his son Prince George went to a Gymkhana Race-Meeting at Ghezireh, where the Prince presented a fifty-guinea silver cup for a Pony Race. Much amusement was caused by the Buffalo Race, the Camel Race, the Syces' Race, and the Noah's Ark Race. The latter was especially comical. The winner was a huge ostrich, bestridden by Sir James Dormer; Colonel Sandwith steered a turkey, Lord Dunmore a pelican, and Captain Maxwell a sucking-pig. A monkey that was entered seemed lost in wonder at the whole affair.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Arthur Middlemass (Middlemass Bev.).

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A NEW serial story by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 621.

THE CAPETOWN HIGHLANDERS

FROM its unique position, Capetown forms one of the most important outposts of the British Empire, and it happily possesses a strong force of Volunteers of all arms, and in the highest state of efficiency. Among these is a Scotch corps, commanded by Major Scott, and entitled the Capetown Highlanders. They are a smart body of men, and are dressed in green doublets with red facings.

They wear the Gordon tartan and the same pattern of *sporran* as the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. At the recent campaign manoeuvres held at Wynberg, this corps was brigaded with the Regulars, the Capetown Artillery and Capetown Engineers (who have a torpedo company), the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles, and the Capetown Irish.—Our engraving is from a photograph sent to us by Major-General H. G. Robley, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

"DANCING THE LANCERS" ON MULE-BACK IN
BELUCHISTAN

WHEREVER he may be stationed, the British officer finds means to get rid of the tedium imposed by service amid uncongenial surroundings. All the sports which are popular at home, horse-racing, cricket, athletics, and so forth, are pursued with unabated ardour under the burning sun of the tropics, but occasionally he strikes out something of a more original character. What the natives think it is not easy to say, but as all these sports and pastimes require bodily strength, skill, and activity, we may be sure that the display of these qualities, which, except perhaps in Lower Bengal, are highly appreciated by our dusky fellow-citizens throughout the Indian Empire, do not lessen the respect which they feel for the British soldier. This is an important matter, for if our troops became so enervated by the climate as to lie all day on their backs smoking cheroots and imbibing iced beverages, the British Raj would soon come to an ignominious end. Whether the gallant riders performed their figures with an accuracy which would satisfy a dancing-master we are unable to say; at all events, considering the proverbial perversity of their long-eared steeds, they must have had to contend with considerable difficulties.—Our drawing is made from an original sketch by Lieutenant A. W. Crawford M'Fall, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, Quetta.

LISTENING TO THE BAND AT BRIGHTON

WHY is it that music and the seaside always go together? Go to any watering-place, and you find that people who in their own homes never hear a note of music from year's end to year's end spend half their time listening to the numerous purveyors of harmony, who, in answer to the demand, provide the supply. In London the German band may be regarded as a nuisance, the piano-organ as an instrument of torture; transport them to the seaside, and they come as a boon and a blessing to men. Needless to say, Brighton is well provided with all kinds of music. In particular, the concerts in the Pavilion at the end of the pier are excellent of their kind, and, as Mr. Barnes shows us, are very well attended. Whether they are also well listened to is a matter admitting of more question. Most people at the seaside are lazy, and one can be lazy to the strains of a good band more comfortably than in any other way. Some are in love, and it is astonishing what tender confidences may be exchanged under mamma's very nose when the big drum and bombardon are trying to outdo one another in the matter of noise. Some, again, are smokers, and find—in the outer portion of the Pavilion, for one is forbidden to smoke inside—that Tobacco and Music go as well together as Love and Wine. For these and other reasons, then, the band at Brighton seldom fails of a good audience.

LANDING SURVIVORS FROM A WRECK

See page 626.

"OBSTRUCTIONISTS"

THIS engraving is from a picture by Mr. Yeend King, exhibited in *The Graphic Animal Gallery*. Of course, in a black and white reproduction we miss the vivid colouring which gives such a charm to the works of this painter. The "Obstructionists" here depicted are not of the breed which are so well known in the neighbourhood of St. Stephen's, Westminster, although, as they are both bipeds and geese, there is probably some kinship between them. Whether Mr. King intended to convey some such satirical parallel we are unable to say, but, at all events, he has painted a very attractive picture.

"LISTENING TO A SERMON IN THE OLDEN
TIME"

"THE OLDEN TIME," as here depicted by Mr. J. B. Yeats, is not so very far back, say, a hundred years ago at the utmost. This pair of charming girls, with their big eloquent eyes, and their rapt expression, put to shame their degenerate representatives of the present day, who are always crying out to have services shortened, and grumble at the length of a sermon if it exceeds twenty minutes in delivery. But stay, we ought to remember that the bulk of the listeners represented by Mr. Yeats belong to the fair sex, and that sex, taken generally, even nowadays has little complaint to make about the tedium or the undue prolongation of Divine Worship. The grumbles almost invariably proceed from the so-called stronger sex, who, unlike their fathers and grandfathers, are too often absentees from church, and whose neglect in this regard is by no means one of the most edifying signs of our enlightened epoch.

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE AT CANADA

See page 634.

WATERLOW PARK, HIGHGATE

WATERLOW PARK, HIGHGATE.

THE munificent gift which Sir Sydney Waterlow has lately, through the medium of the London County Council, made to his fellow citizens, consists of a park of twenty-nine acres, situated on the southern slope of Highgate Hill, in the parish of St. Pancras. The grounds are undulating, and well timbered with oaks, old cedars of Lebanon, and many other well-grown trees and shrubs. There is also an acre and a-half of ornamental water supplied from natural springs. Lauderdale House, which is part of the gift, and which may possibly form the site of a future Free Library, possesses no special architectural distinction. It was formerly the residence of the Earls of Lauderdale, and was borrowed by Charles the Second from that Earl (commonly known as Tom Dalziel), who was notorious for his cruelty to the Scotch Covenanters, as a home for Nell Gwynne. Subsequently the first Lord Westbury lived there. In 1872 Sir Sydney Waterlow offered the house to the governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital as a Convalescent Home, with thirty-four beds. On a fine Sunday morning the spectacle of the patients stumping about on their crutches was a familiar sight in Highgate, but the Home has since been removed to Swanley, and Lauderdale House has been for some time untenanted.

Sir Sydney Waterlow began life as a printer, being in the Government Printing Office in London, and afterwards by the Messrs. Galignani, in Paris. In 1844 he, his father, and his brothers established themselves in business as stationers and printers in London Wall, and gradually built up the gigantic concern now known as "Waterlow and Sons, Limited." Sir Sydney has always taken a foremost part in philanthropic work; he has done much to improve the condition of Friendly and Benefit Building Societies, instituted the Hospital Sunday Fund, and for twelve years was Treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He was Lord Mayor of London in 1872, and has sat in Parliament for Dumfries County and for Gravesend. He had been knighted in 1867, and in the year of his Mayoralty was created a baronet by the Queen in recognition of his many services to commerce and philanthropy.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Walery, 164, Regent Street.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION

OUR illustration represents Sir Henry James addressing the Court towards the close of his speech for the *Times*, carefully watched by the vigilant Michael Davitt, who, occasionally interrupting him with comment or correction, listened attentively to every syllable that fell from him. Any representative of the Irish party might well listen attentively to what Sir Henry said on the Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, since on those two days he dealt with the terrible Phoenix Park murders. Dwelling on Delaney's evidence, the truth of which in the main he defied the incriminated members of the Irish party to disprove, he accused the officials of the Irish Land League of displaying an active sympathy with the perpetrators, if not of direct complicity with the perpetration, of that ever-memorable outrage.

NOTE.—We omitted last week to mention that in our engravings of the Prince of Wales in Egypt we were assisted with photographs by G. Lékégian and Co., of Cairo.



POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.—Addressing a gathering of Conservative working-men at Exeter on Tuesday, the First Lord of the Treasury warned the labouring classes against forcing the cost of production to such a point that there would be no market for the articles produced. It was the duty of the employer, Mr. W. H. Smith said, to see that he paid as high wages as he fairly could, but it was also that of the employed not to exact such terms as would involve, if persevered in, the destruction of industry, and the transfer of our trade to other countries.—Responding, on the same day, to an invitation to address them on social questions, Mr. John Morley made a long speech as the guest of the Eighty Club. He took care to state that the Irish Question was still the most important of all, and he infused considerable bitterness into the expression of his belief that his political opponents are neither willing nor able to carry out the needed social reforms. In the front of his own programme he placed a reduction of the Tea Duty by at least one-half, of gratuitous education in public elementary schools, and a guarded provision of free meals for the children of very poor parents attending them. To bring the people into contact with the land, he was in favour of bestowing on Municipal and other local bodies, especially Parish Councils to be instituted as a supplement to County Councils, the compulsory acquisition "on fair terms" of land for public purposes. He advocated strongly the rating of ground-rents for public improvements, wherever these indirectly as well as directly enhanced the value of the landlord's property. He thought that Parish Councils might judiciously and mercifully extend the grant of out-door relief to the deserving poor. Expressing great sympathy with the efforts of the labouring classes to obtain higher wages and shorter hours, he spoke in a deprecatory tone of an Eight Hours Bill.—On Tuesday, too, Sir George Trevelyan, at Glasgow, announced that the Gladstonians were now on strong ground, since they had become the party of Disestablishment. He also spoke very disparagingly of grants to the Royal Family.—Mr. Balfour has replied to a protest against the endowment of the Roman Catholic Irish University that there appears to him to be no foundation for certain inferences which are drawn from statements made by him in public with regard to higher education in Ireland.

LABOUR AND WAGES.—The strike of the journeymen bakers is now practically at an end. Most master bakers have conceded the demands of the men, of whom at the middle of the week there were only some 250 remaining on strike. But on Wednesday the master bakers of South London agreed to raise, after Monday next, the price of the quarter loaf from 5d. to 5½d. as a consequence of these concessions. All the employees of the London Road Car Company have resumed work, being satisfied with the concessions made and promised by the directors.

SIR EDWARD GUINNESS, the great Dublin brewer, is effacing the reproach that more has been done for the housing of the labouring classes of this country by an American—the late Mr. Peabody—than by any Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman. He has placed in the hands of Lord Rowton (Lord Beaconsfield's confidential friend), of Mr. Ritchie (the President of the Local Government Board), and of Mr. Plunket (First Commissioner of Works) the sum of a quarter-of-a-million sterling, to be held by them in trust for the erection of dwellings for the labouring poor—200,000l. of this is to be expended in London, and 50,000l. in Dublin. A welcome peculiarity in the intentions of the munificent donor is the desire to provide healthy homes for industrious people somewhat poorer than those who constitute the great majority of the tenants of the dwellings built by the Peabody Trust, and of a similar kind by private enterprise, and also to prove that this most desirable object can be effected on a sound financial basis. Enquiries and consultations have satisfied Sir E. Guinness that wholesome domiciles can be let at rents low enough to place them within the reach of the poorest of the labouring classes.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, at its usual weekly meeting on Tuesday, had to consider the report of a Committee appointed to recommend a successor to the late Mr. Gordon in the office of Chief Engineer. The candidate successful, by a majority apparently of only one, was Mr. Duckham, whose appointment with a salary of 1,500l. a-year they accordingly recommended. During the discussion which ensued, this recommendation was objected to by several members on two separate grounds—one that, though possessing a considerable experience in dock engineering, Mr. Duckham had none of drainage-works, and another, that being a brother-in-law of Mr. McDougall, who suddenly attained celebrity by his zeal for the purification of music halls, he owed the provisional success of his candidature more to the exertion on his behalf of personal influence than to professional ability. Ultimately, and as the Chairman, Lord Rosebery, explained, on the former of these two grounds, which he considered adequate, the recommendation of the Appointment Committee was referred to the Standing Committee for further consideration. After another discussion, the Council agreed to ask the Home Secretary, who had offered the whole of the site (some twenty-three acres) of Millbank Prison for the erection of working-class dwellings, whether he would dispose for that purpose of eight acres at the price of 2,000l. An amendment recommending the purchase of the whole twenty-three acres was negatived, without a division.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her seventy-eighth year, of Mrs. Raikes, the mother of the Postmaster-General, and daughter of the late Archdeacon Wrangham; in his eighty-first year, of Sir Samuel Morton Peto, Bart., once well-known as a railway and building contractor, and civil engineer, who received his baronetcy for contracting, without profit or remuneration, to construct the railway from Balaklava to Sebastopol at the commencement of the Crimean War, Liberal M.P. for Norwich, Finsbury and Bristol successively; in his seventy-fifth year, of Mr. William Henry Leatham, a banker in Wakefield, and Liberal M.P. for that borough and for the Southern Division of the West Riding successively, an author in prose and verse, whose sister became the second wife of

the late Mr. John Bright; of Mr. David Berry, an Australian millionaire, and native of Fifehire, who has bequeathed 100,000l. to his *alma mater*, the University of St. Andrew's; in his eighty-eighth year, of the Very Rev. John Bramston, some time Dean of Winchester; in his forty-second year, of the Rev. William G. Elmslie, Professor of Hebrew, and Old Testament Exegesis in the Presbyterian College, Queen Square; of Dr. Alexander Potts, the able head master, since its opening, of Fettes College, Edinburgh, previously an assistant master at Rugby; of Mr. David Ward, successively Master Cutler and Mayor of Sheffield, and head of the largest edge-tool firm in the Kingdom; of Mr. W. J. Fitz, Senior Constructor of Portsmouth Dockyard; and in his sixty-seventh year, of Mr. Robert Whelan Boyle, a veteran London journalist, for more than twenty years editor of the *Daily Chronicle*.



AN ATTEMPT TO MURDER Mr. S. B. Bristowe, Q.C., Judge of the Nottingham County Court, and brother of Sir Fox Bristowe, Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, was made on Tuesday evening. The motive was revenge; the perpetrator, Arnemann, a German, and an artificial teeth manufacturer in Nottingham, having been non-suited the same day by the judge in an action to recover the value of teeth supplied by him. In several similar cases judgment having been given against him, he had been heard to say that it was impossible for him to get justice. He is a man of eccentric habits, and has been for some time in a despondent state, the result, it is believed, of financial embarrassment. Judge Bristowe, according to his usual habit, was returning to his home at West Hallam, Derbyshire, by the 4.40 P.M. train from the Great Northern Station at Nottingham. Just as he was about to step into the railway carriage, Arnemann, who, unperceived, had followed him to the station and taken a ticket to West Hallam, fired a revolver at him. The bullet entered two inches below the left shoulder, and the judge fell moaning to the ground, whence he was taken to the General Hospital in a very critical condition. The assassin, who was at once seized and handed over to the police, exclaimed, "I had his blood; I wish I may have killed him." At the time of our going to press, Judge Bristowe had rallied, and his condition was regarded as re-assuring. Arnemann was brought before the Nottingham magistrates on Wednesday, and formal evidence having been given, he was remanded.

THE charge of assault brought by Mr. Macrae, editor of the *Financial Times*, against Mr. Green was tried this week at the Central Criminal Court. Mr. Green had brought an action for libel against Mr. Macrae, and when both were leaving the Examiner's Office, an altercation taking place, the alleged assault was committed. For the defence it was contended that the prosecutor provoked and began the fray, and the jury acquitted the defendant.

MESSRS. DARNLEY AND FENN assigned for a term of years to Miss Melnotte the right of representing their farcical comedy *The Barrister*. In the course of her dealings with it, she sub-let, so to speak, the provincial representation of the piece to a Mr. Tate. A dispute arose between the authors and herself as to their share in the provincial "takings." Of more general interest was their denial of the right, unless specified in the agreement, of the lessee of a drama to sub-let it. In this particular case it was contended for the plaintiffs, the authors, that Miss Melnotte, the defendant, having an established reputation, a travelling company under her acknowledged control would secure larger returns than one under some less-known person, who might also have the play performed by inferior actors to the prejudice of the authors. Mr. Justice Mathew gave judgment for the 57l. claimed by the plaintiffs.

THE POLICE MADE A RAID on the ground-floor of premises in Meard Street, Soho, one room in which was occupied by a Jewish tailor and his wife, named Levi. In the other, also rented by Levi, he and some twenty men, chiefly journeymen tailors, were found to have been playing faro, a game distinctly prohibited by Act of Parliament under a penalty of 500l. Brought up at Marlborough Street, they were remanded for eight days, but liberated on their own recognisances, with the exception of Levi, who had to find bail, the Magistrate remarking that though the "club" was a small affair, it might do considerable mischief.

A MOORLAND VILLAGE

If Lastingham, instead of being in our very midst, were halfway up the Himalayas, or in some other region equally difficult of access, the path that leads there would be thronged with tourists; as it is, a stranger is greeted with open-eyed wonder by the natives, who marvel aloud as to what can have brought him to their hamlet. Yet it possesses the very things that are supposed to be peculiarly attractive to travellers.

There is at Lastingham the most perfectly preserved subterranean church in England; one, too, that dates back to the seventh century, and has attached to it any number of quaint legends and traditions, some redounding to the glory of the saints; others to the shame of those who usurped their name, but not their virtues.

One would have thought that clergymen and architects would have flocked there, if only for the sake of that church. There are also in the village the ruins of the first monastery ever built in Yorkshire; a drinking-fountain erected in very far back days; the remains of an undoubted Roman camp; stones with runic inscriptions; strangely shaped crosses—all things dear to the heart of an antiquarian.

The geologist, or the ethnologist, who chooses to stay at Lastingham, has quite a special treat at hand, for the well-known Kirkdale Cave is within an easy walk. Kirkdale, "that most productive ossiferous cavern," as the encyclopædias style it, where hyenas and rhinoceroses dwelled until the rigours of our climate exterminated them. There are indications, too, that Kirkdale was at one time a favourite retreat of human cave-dwellers. Botanists would meet with a thousand surprises in those narrow little winding dales, where, as the north-east wind cannot enter, delicate ferns and anemones flourish.

In spite of all these attractions, and many more, the only visitors who seem really to appreciate Lastingham are sportsmen, who go there in search of partridges and grouse; not archæological, or any other sort of remains.

Lastingham lies between the great Appleton Common on the one side, and Gillamoor on the other. All around it, stretching for miles in every direction, are moorlands, their gently undulating surface forming, as it were, a great sea of heather and heath, upon which little clumps of firs and larches rise like the sails of distant ships. More than 1,200 years ago—655 is the date generally given, but, at any rate, it was whilst Ethelwald was reigning—a certain Saxon priest named Cedd, who for some years previously had been wandering as a missionary through the country, established himself at Lastingham, founded a monastery there, and built a church. According to Bæda's account, the site Cedd chose for his building "looked more like a lurking place for robbers and a

retreat for wild beasts than a habitation for man," a description that tallies fairly well with the appearance of the neighbourhood in winter even now, when a storm is raging. It would have been hard to find a more fitting field for fighting out the long, fierce battle with heathenism.

This Cedd is by no means such a mythical individual as many of the founders of the early churches; he contrived to leave behind him well-authenticated proofs of his existence by carving his name, and a few other particulars, in clear characters, upon stones, one of which he placed in each building he erected. Then, too, he acted as interpreter during the great Synod at Whitby, an office that secured for him an assured place in history; whilst a further halo was cast around him by the fact of his being the brother of Ceadda, a renowned churchman and saint—the terms in those days were no means synonymous. Beyond some few stones, nothing now remains of Cedd's Monastery, where all the learned and pious men of the north used to gather around him.

There seems to have been no strict rule of life at Lastingham, each man being allowed to work out his own salvation in the way that seemed best in his own eyes. Some of the monks devoted their lives to reading and studying, others to preaching and prayer; others, again, to clearing the moorland, and cultivating the soil. The cowherd and the student took equal rank, for the dignity of labour was one of the first lessons taught by the early preachers; and when Oswini, one of the greatest nobles of the land, appeared at the monastery door, and prayed to be admitted, we are told he "was clad only in a plain garment, and carrying an axe and mattock in his hand, thereby intimating that he did not go to the monastery to live idle as some do, but to labour." Oswini became a monk, and then, as it was evident "he was less capable of meditating on the Holy Scriptures, so he the more earnestly applied himself to the labour of his hands."

The very liberty of action which, in early days, contributed not a little to the intellectual and spiritual development of the monks of Lastingham, became a source of danger as time passed, and men who knew nothing of the religious fervour of the first converts assembled there. The lives of the monks became public scandal, and they were compelled by Stephen of Whitby to leave their monastery and go to St. Mary's, in York, where they were under stricter surveillance.

No satisfactory explanation has ever been advanced as to why Cedd built his church underground. It is no mere crypt, there is not a sign of its having been a mausoleum; on the contrary, it was evidently designed with a view to its being used for the ordinary services of the church. It is singularly beautiful in form; the rounded arches are exquisitely graceful, and bear unmistakable signs of the touch of a master hand. How much of the church was really Cedd's work, it would be difficult to decide; but there are clear proofs that it was built in early Saxon days. A second church was built, in wood, immediately above the subterranean edifice; it was, later, replaced by a stone building, and this by the one that is still standing. There is, therefore, the strange spectacle of two churches placed the one above the other, the upper being, in many respects an exact repetition of the one below. From the lower church there is a subterranean passage that leads, if local tradition can be relied upon, to the old Monastery of Rosedale, some three miles distant.

At every turn, on the moorlands, you come across the ruins of old churches, monastic houses, and priories. Is it that the people living there were more strongly imbued with religious sentiment than the inhabitants of the rest of the land? Or, is it that the northerners committed more deeds of ruthless violence than the southerners, and that these were their sin offerings?

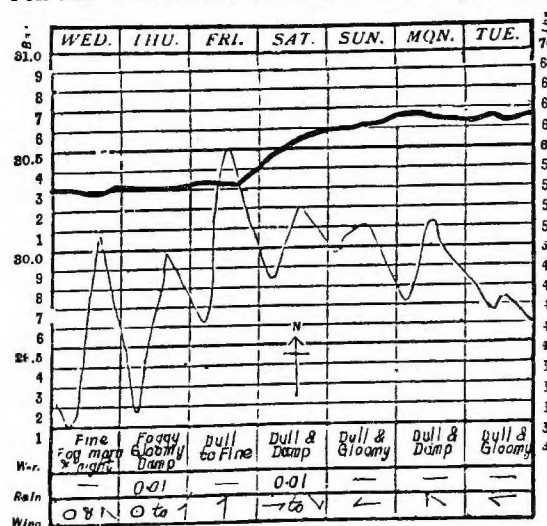
Within walking distance of Lastingham are the Abbeys of Rievaulx and Byland, both buildings upon which unbounded wealth, artistic as well as material, must have been lavished; Rosedale Abbey, Kirkdale Monastery, Keldholme Priory, Sunnington Monastery, and Newburgh Priory, all important edifices in their day and rich in legendary lore.

Surely then, little Lastingham, with its keen, fresh breezes and its wild heathery moors, well deserves a visit, if it be for nothing but the memory it evokes.

E. S.

WEATHER CHART

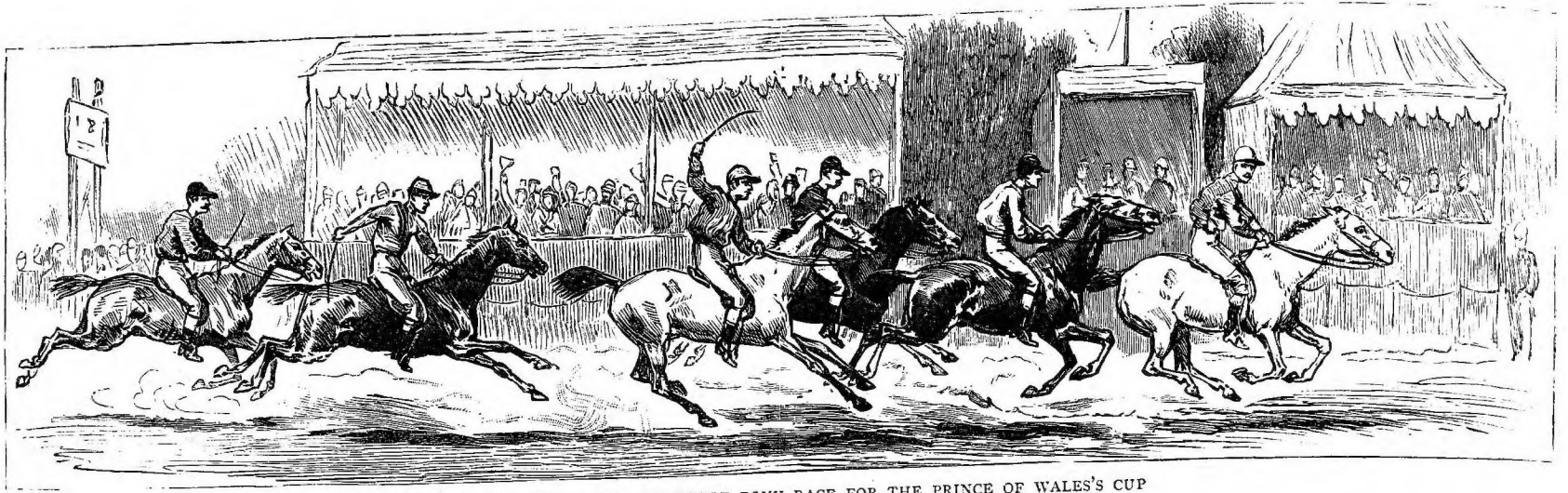
FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (19th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Taken as a whole the weather of the past week was quiet, dull, and mild in nearly all parts of the United Kingdom. A good deal of mist or fog prevailed from time to time—especially during the early part of the period; and while the rainfall, with one or two exceptions in the West and North, was and the air was mostly very damp. Throughout the week a large anti-cyclone was located over the Continent, the central area being found chiefly over Germany or Austria, while occasionally depressions travelling Northwards skirted our North-Western Coasts. These low pressure systems, however, never encroached sufficiently inland to cause more than a temporary freshening of the Southerly winds, and some rain on those Coasts. Thus during the greater part of the time the weather over our Islands was influenced by the high pressure system in the South-East, and while light Southerly breezes predominated, a fair proportion of variable airs was experienced. Wet fogs and mists, or very dull gloomy weather, prevailed very generally, the only intervals of bright sunny skies being reported on Saturday and Sunday (16th and 17th inst.), from some of the Northern Stations. Temperature, which varied more in the course of this week than of late, was decidedly low at first, but as the week advanced the thermometer rose considerably above the average very generally. The highest readings of the week, which occurred on Friday (15th inst.), rose to 60° in London, and to rather less than that value along our South Coasts. The lowest, which occurred at the beginning of the time, ranged from 26° to 23° at a few of the inland England Stations.

The barometer was highest (30.67 inches) on Tuesday (19th inst.); lowest (30.30 inches) on Wednesday (13th inst.); range 0.37 inch. The temperature was highest (60°) on Friday (15th inst.); lowest (33°) on Wednesday (13th inst.); range 27°. Total measurement from rain gauge showed an amount equal to 0.02 inch, which was due to deposit from fog.

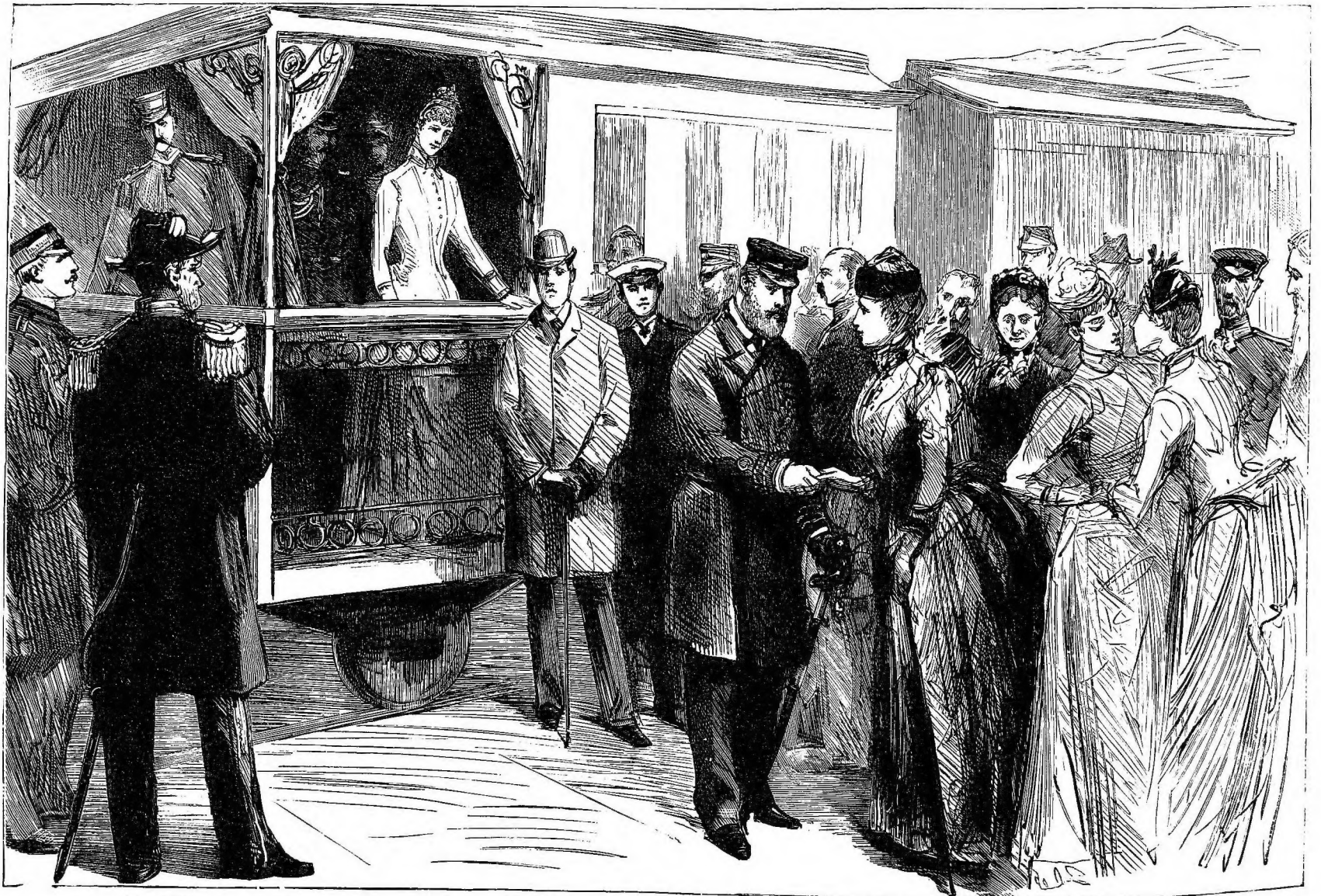


"PRINCE" WINNING THE HALF-MILE PONY RACE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CUP



THE CAMEL RACE—ROUNDING THE POST
THE PRINCE OF WALES IN EGYPT—THE RACES AT CAIRO

Prince George of Wales Princess of Wales The Czarevitch M. Tricoupis M. Dragonnis King of Denmark



King of Greece Duke of Sparta Prince of Wales Queen of Greece Queen of Denmark

Sir E. Monson

THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND FAMILY FROM ATHENS



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

Again she filled up his glass—which he had not emptied.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

ENTRAPPED

THERE were two young gentlemen standing with their backs to the fire in the supper-room of the Garden Club. They were rather good-looking young men, very carefully shaven and shorn, grey-eyed, fair-moustached; and indeed they were so extremely like each other that it might have been hard to distinguish between them but that the one chewed a toothpick and the other a cigarette. Both were in evening dress, and both still wore the over-coat and crush-hat in which they had come into the club. They could talk freely, without risk of being overheard; for the members along there at the supper-table were all listening—with much laughter—to a professional entertainer, who, unlike the proverbial clown released from the pantomime, was never so merry and amusing as when diverting a select little circle of friends with his own marvellous adventures.

"It's about time for Lionel Moore to make his appearance," said one of the two companions, glancing at the clock.

"I would rather have anybody else, if it comes to that," said the other, peevishly. "Moore spoils the game all to bits. You never know where to have him—"

"Yes, that's just where he finds his salvation," continued he of the toothpick. "Mind you, that wild play has its advantages. He gets caught now and again; but he catches you at times. You make sure he is bluffing, you raise him and raise him, then you call him—and find he has three aces! And I will say this for Moore—he's a capital loser. He doesn't seem to mind losing a bit, so long as you keep on. You would think he was a millionaire; only a millionaire would have an eye on every chip, I suppose. What salary do they give him at the New Theatre?"

"Fifty pounds a week, I've heard say; but people tell such lies. Even fifty pounds a week won't hold out if he goes on like that. What I maintain is that it isn't good poker. For one thing, I object to 'straddling' altogether; it's simply a stupid way of raising the stakes; of course, the straddler has the advantage of coming in last, but then look at the disadvantage of having to bet first. No, I don't object to betting before the draw; that's sensible: there's some skill and judgment in that; but straddling is simply stupid. You ought to make it easy for every one to come in; that's the proper game; frighten them out afterwards if you can." And then he added, gloomily: "That fellow Moore is a regular bull in a china-shop."

"I suspect he has been raking over a few of your chips, Bertie," his companion said, with a placid grin.

Just as he was speaking, Lionel entered the room, and, having ordered some supper, took a seat at the table. One of those young gentlemen, throwing away his toothpick, came and sat down opposite him.

"Big house to-night, as usual?" he asked.

"Full," was the answer. "I dare say when the archangel blows his trumpet, the *Squire's Daughter* will still be advertised in the bills all over the town. I don't see why it should stop before then."

"It would be a sudden change for the company, wouldn't it?" the young man on the other side of the table said. "Fancy, now, a music-hall singer—no disrespect to you, Moore—I mean a music-hall comic—fancy his finding himself all at once in heaven; don't you think he'd feel deuced awkward? He wouldn't be quite at home, would he?—want to get back to Mr. Chairman and the chorus in the gallery, eh, what?—pon my soul, it would make a capital picture if you could get a fellow with plenty of imagination to do it—quite tragic, don't you know, you'd have the poor devil's face just full of misery—not knowing where to go or what to do—"

"The British public would be inclined to rise and rend that painter," said Lionel, carelessly; this young man was useful as a poker-player, but otherwise not interesting.

Two or three members now came in; and by the time Lionel had finished his frugal supper, there was a chosen band of five ready to go upstairs and set to work with the cards. There was some ordering of lemon-squashes and further cigarettes; new packs were brought by the waiter; the players took their places; and the game was opened. With a sixpenny 'ante' and a ten-shilling 'limit,' the amusement could have been kept mild enough by any one who preferred it should remain so.

But the usual thing happened. Now and again a fierce fight would ensue between two good hands, and that seemed to arouse a spirit of general emulation and eagerness; the play grew more bold; bets apart from the game were laid by individual players between themselves. The putting up of the 'ante' became a mere farce, for every one came in as a matter of course, even if he had to draw five cards; and already the piles of chips on the table had undergone serious diminution or augmentation—in the latter case there was a glimmer of gold among the bits of ivory. There was no visible excitement, however; perhaps a player caught bluffing might smile a little—that was all.

Lionel had been pretty fortunate, considering his wild style of play; but then his very recklessness stood him in good stead when he chanced to have a fair hand—his reputation for bluffing leading

on his opponents. And then an extraordinary bit of luck had befallen him. On this occasion the first hand dealt him contained three queens, a seven, and a five. To make the other players imagine he had either two pairs or was drawing to a flush, he threw away only one of the two useless cards—the five, as it chanced; but his satisfaction (which he bravely endeavoured to conceal) may be imagined when he found that the single card dealt him in its place was a seven—he therefore had a full hand! When it came to his turn, instead of beginning cautiously as an ordinary player would have done, he boldly raised the bet ten shillings. But that frightened nobody. His game was known; they imagined he had either two pairs or had failed to fill his flush and was merely bluffing. When, however, there was another raise of ten shillings from the opposite side of the table, that was a very different matter: one by one the others dropped out, leaving these two in. And then it went on:

"Well, I'll just see your ten shillings, and raise you another ten."

"And another ten."

"And another ten."

"And another ten."

Of course universal attention was now concentrated on this duel. Probably four out of five of the players were of opinion that Lionel Moore was bluffing; that at least was certainly the opinion of his antagonist, who kept raising and raising without a qualm. At length both of them had to borrow money to go on with; but still the duel continued, and still the pile of gold and chips in the middle of the table grew and increased.

"And another ten."

"And another ten."

Not a word of encouragement or dissuasion was uttered by any one of the onlookers; they sat silent and amused, wondering which of the two was about to be smitten under the fifth rib. And at last it was Lionel's opponent who gave in.

"On this occasion," said he, depositing his half-sovereign, "I will simply gaze; what have you got?"

"Well, I have got a full hand," Lionel answered, putting down the cards on the table.

"That is good enough," the other said, stolidly. "Take away the money."

After this dire combat, the game fell flat a little; but interest was soon revived by a round of Jack-pots; and here again Lionel was in good luck. Indeed, when the players rose from the table about three o'clock he might have come away a winner of close on £10

had not some reckless person called out something about whi-ky-poker. Now whisky-poker is the very stupidest form of gambling. Each time the mind of man has ever conceived, though at the end of the evening some folk hunger after it as a kind of final fillip. Each person puts down a certain sum—it may be a sovereign, it may be five sovereigns; poker hands are dealt out, the cards being displayed face upwards on the table; there is no drawing; whoever has the best hand simply annexes the pool. It looks like a game, but it is not a game; it is merely cutting the cards; but as the stakes can be doubled or trebled each round, the jaded appetite for gambling finds here a potent and fiery stimulant just as the party breaks up. Lionel was not anxious to get away with the money he had won. It was he who proposed to increase the stakes to £10 from each player—which the rest of them, to their credit be it said, refused to do. In the end, when they went to get their hats and coats before issuing into the morning air, some one happened to ask Lionel how he had come off on the whole night; and he replied that he did not think he had either won or lost anything to speak of. He hardly knew. Certainly he did not seem to care.

The dawn was not yet. The gas-lamps shone in the murky thoroughfares as he set out for Piccadilly—alone. The others all went away in hansoms; he preferred to walk. And even when he reached his rooms, he did not go to bed at once; he sat up thinking, a prey to a strange sort of restlessness that had of late taken possession of him. For this young man's gay and happy butterfly-life was entirely gone. The tragic disappearance of Nina, followed by the sudden shattering of all his visionary hopes in connection with Honnor Cunyngham, had left him in a troubled, anxious, morbid state that he himself, perhaps, could not well have accounted for. Then the sense of solitariness that he had experienced when he found that Nina had so unexpectedly vanished from his ken had been intensified since he had taken to declining invitations from his fashionable friends, and spending his nights in the aimless distraction of gambling at the Garden Club. Was there a touch of hurt pride in his withdrawal from the society of those who in former days used to be called "the great"? At least he discovered this, that if he did wish to withdraw from their society, nothing in the world was easier. They did not importune him. He was free to go his own way. Perhaps this also wounded him; perhaps it was to revenge himself that he sought to increase his popularity with the crowd; at night he sang with a sort of bravado to bring down the house; in the day-time it comforted him to perceive from a distance in that or the other window a goodly display of his photographs, which he had learned to recognise from afar. But in whatever direction these wayward moods drew him or tossed him, there was ever this all-pervading disquiet, and a haunting regret that almost savoured of remorse, and a sick impatience of the slow-passing and lonely hours.

He had given up all hopes of hearing from Nina now, or of gaining any news of her. Pandiani had nothing to tell him. The Signorina Antonia Rossi had not written to any of her Neapolitan friends, so far as could be ascertained, since the previous December: certainly she had not presented herself here in Naples, to seek any engagement. The old maestro, in praying his illustrious and celebrated correspondent to accept his respectful submissions, likewise begged of him, should anything be learnt with regard to the Signorina Rossi, to communicate further. There was no hope in that quarter.

But one morning Estelle made a new suggestion.

"There is something I have recalled; yes; it is perhaps of not great importance; yet perhaps again," she said. "One day Nina and I were speaking, of this thing and the other, and she said it was right and proper that a young lady should have a *dot*—what is the English?—no matter. She said the young lady should bring something towards the—the management; and she asked how she or I could do that. Then comes her plan. She was thinking of it before she arrives in England. It was to go to America—to be engaged for concerts—oh, they pay large, large salaries, if you have a good voice—and Nina would take engagements for all the big cities, until she got over to San Francisco, and from there to Australia—a great tour—a long time—but at the end, then she has the little fortune, and she is independent, whatever happens. Marriage?—well, perhaps not; but she is independent. Yes, it was Nina's plan to go away on that long tour; but she comes to England—she is engaged at the New Theatre—she practises her little economies—but not so as it would be in America, and now, now if she wishes to go away for a long, long time, is it not America? She goes on the long voyage; she forgets—what she wishes to forget. Her singing, it is constant occupation; she must work; and they welcome a good voice there—she will have friends. Do you consider it not possible? Yes, it is possible—for that is to go entirely away, and there is no danger of any one interfering."

"It's just frightful to think of," he said, "if what you imagine is correct. Fancy her crossing the Atlantic all by herself—landing in New York unknown to any human being there—"

"Ah, but do you fear for Nina?" Estelle cried. "No, no—she has courage—she has self-reliance, even in despair—she will have made preparations for all. Everywhere she has her passport—in her voice. 'I am Miss Ross, from the New Theatre, London,' she says. 'How do we know that you are Miss Ross?' 'Give me a sheet of music, then.' Perhaps it is in a theatre or a concert-room. Nina sings. 'Thank you, Mademoiselle, it is enough: what are the terms you wish for an engagement?' Then it is finished; and Nina has all her plans made for her, by the management; and she goes from one town to the other, far away perhaps, perhaps she has not much time to think of England. So much the better: poor Nina!"

And for a while he took an eager interest in the American newspapers. Such of them as he could get hold of he read diligently—particularly the columns in which concerts and musical entertainments were announced or reported. But there was no mention of Miss Ross, or of any new singer whom he could identify with her. Gradually he lost all hope in that direction also. He did not forget Nina. He could not; but he grew to think that—whether she was in America, or in Australia, or in whatever far land she might be—she had gone away for ever. Her abrupt disappearance was no momentary withdrawal; she had sundered their familiar association, their close comradeship, that was never to be resumed; according to the old and sad refrain, it was 'Adieu for evermore, my dear, and adieu for evermore!' Well, for him there were still crowded houses with their dull thunders of applause; and there were cards and betting to send the one feverish hour flying after the other; and there were the lonely walks through the London streets in the daytime—when the hours did *not* fly so quickly. He had carefully put away those trinkets that Nina had returned to him; he would fain have forgotten their existence.

And then there was Miss Burgoyne. Miss Burgoyne could be very brisk and cheerful when she chose; and she now seemed bent on showing Mr. Lionel Moore the sunnier side of her character. In truth she was most assiduously kind to the young man, even when she scolded him about the life he was leading. Her room and its mild refreshments were always at his disposal. She begged for his photograph, and, having got it, she told him to write something very nice and pretty at the foot of it: why should formalities be used between people so intimately and constantly associated? On more than one occasion she substituted a real rose (which was not nearly so effective, however) for the millinery blossom which *Grace Mainwaring* had to drop from the balcony to her lover below; and of course Lionel had to treasure the flower, and keep it in water, until

the hot and gassy atmosphere of his dressing-room killed it. Once or twice she called him Lionel, by way of pretty inadvertence.

There came an afternoon when the fog that had lain all day over London deepened and deepened until in the evening the streets were become almost impassable. The various members of the company, setting out in good time, managed to reach the theatre—though there were breathless accounts of adventures and escapes as this one or that hurried through the wings and down into the dressing-room or corridor; but the public, not being paid to come forth on such a night, for the most part preferred the snugness and safety of their own homes, so that the house was but half filled, and the faces of the scant audience were more dusky than ever—were almost invisible beyond the blaze of the footlights. And as the performance proceeded, Miss Burgoyne professed to become more and more alarmed. Dreadful reports came in from without. All traffic was suspended. It was scarcely possible to cross a street. Even the policemen, familiar with the thoroughfares, dared hardly leave the pavement to escort a bewildered traveller to the other side.

When Lionel, having dressed for the last act, went into Miss Burgoyne's room, he found her (apparently) very much perturbed. "Have you heard? It's worse than ever!" she called to him from the inner apartment.

"So they say."

"Whatever am I to do!" she exclaimed—her anxiety proving too much for her grammar.

"Well, I think you couldn't do better than stop where you are," *Harry Thornhill* made answer, carelessly. "Stop where I am? It's impossible! My brother Jim would go frantic. He would make sure I was run over, or drowned, or something—and be off to the police-stations."

"Oh, no, he wouldn't—he wouldn't stir out on such a night, if he had any sense."

"Not if he thought his sister was lost? That's all you know. There are some people who do have a little affection in their nature," said Miss Burgoyne, as she drew aside the curtain, and came forth, and went to the tall glass. "But surely I can get a four-wheeled cab, Mr. Moore? I will give the man a sovereign to take me safe home. And even then it will be dreadful. I get so frightened in a bad fog—absolutely terrified—and especially at night. Supposing the man were to lose his way? Or he might be drunk? I wish I had asked Jim to come down for me. There's Miss Constance's mother never misses a single night: I wonder who she thinks is going to run away with that puny-faced creature!"

"Oh, if you are at all afraid to make the venture alone, I will go with you," said he. "I don't suppose I can see further in a fog than any one else; but if you are nervous about being alone, you'd better let me accompany you."

"Will you?" she said, suddenly wheeling round, and bestowing upon him a glance of obvious gratitude. "That is indeed kind of you! Now I don't care for all the fogs in Christendom. But really and truly," she added, "really and truly you must tell me if I am taking you away from any other engagement."

"Not at all," he said, idly. "I had thought of going up to the Garden Club for some supper; but it isn't the sort of night for anybody to be wandering about. When I've left you in the Edgware Road, I can find my way to my rooms easily. Once in Park Lane, I could go blindfold."

And very proud and pleased was Miss Burgoyne to accept his escort—that is to say, when he had, with an immense amount of trouble, brought a four-wheeled cab, accompanied by two link-boys with blazing torches, up to the stage-door. And when they had started off on their unknown journey through this thick chaos, she did not minimise the fears she otherwise should have suffered: this was thanking him by implication. As for the route chosen by the cabman, or rather by the link-boys, neither he nor she had the faintest idea what it was. Outside they could see nothing but the gold-and-crimson of the torches flaring through the densely yellow fog; while the grating of the wheels against the kerb told them that their driver was keeping as close as he could to the pavement. Then they would find themselves leaving that guidance, and blindly adventuring out into the open thoroughfare to avoid some obstacle—some spectral wain or omnibus got hopelessly stranded; while there were muffled cries and calls here, there, and everywhere. They went at a snail's pace, of course. Once, at a corner, the near wheels got on the pavement; the cab tilted over; Miss Burgoyne shrieked aloud, and clung to her companion; then there was a heavy bump, and the venerable vehicle resumed its slow progress. Suddenly they beheld a cluster of dim, nebulous, phantom lights high up in air.

"This must be Oxford Circus, surely," Lionel said.

He put his head out of the window, and called to the cabman.

"Where are we now, cabby?"

"Blessed if I know, sir!" was the husky answer, coming from under the heavy folds of a cravat.

"Boy," he called again, "where are we? Is this Oxford Circus?"

"No, no, sir," responded the sharp voice of the London *gamin*. "We aint 'alf-way up Regent Street yet!"

He shut the window.

"At this rate, goodness only knows when you'll ever get home," he said to her. "You should have stopped at the theatre."

"Oh, I don't mind," said she, cheerfully. "It's an adventure. It's something to be talked of afterwards. I shouldn't wonder if the theatrical papers got hold of it—just the kind of paragraph to go the round—*Harry Thornhill* and *Grace Mainwaring* lost in a fog together. No, I don't mind. I'm very well off. But fancy some of those poor girls about the theatre, who must be trying to get home on foot. No four-wheeled cabs for them: no companion to keep up their spirits. I shan't forget your kindness, Mr. Moore."

Indeed Lionel was much more anxious than she was. He would rather have done without that paragraph in the newspapers. All his senses were on the rack; and yet he could make out absolutely nothing of his whereabouts in this formless void of a world, with its opaque atmosphere, its distant calls, enquiries, warnings, its murky lamp-lights that only became visible when they were over one's head. Miss Burgoyne seemed to be well-content, to be amused even. She liked to see her name in the newspapers. There would be a pretty little paragraph to get quoted in gossip columns, even if she and her more anxious fellow-adventurer did not reach home till breakfast time.

The link-boys certainly deserved the very substantial reward that Lionel bestowed on them; for when, after what seemed interminable hours—with all kinds of stoppages and enquiries in this Egyptian darkness—the cab came to a final halt, and when Miss Burgoyne had been piloted across the pavement, she declared that here, indubitably, was her own door. Indeed, at this very moment it was opened, and there was a glimmer of a candle in the passage.

"No, Mr. Moore," she said distinctly, when Lionel came back after paying the cabman, "you are not going off like that, certainly not. You must be starving; you must come up-stairs and have something to eat and drink. Jim," she said, addressing her brother, who was standing there, candle in hand, "have you left any supper for us?"

"I haven't touched a thing yet," said he. "I've been waiting for you I don't know how long."

"There's a truly heroic brother!" exclaimed the young lady, as she pulled Lionel into the little lobby, and shut the door. "What's

enough for two is enough for three. Come along, Mr. Moore; and now you've got safely into a house, I think you'd much better have Jim's room for the night—or the morning, rather: I'm sure Jim won't mind taking the sofa."

"I? Not I!" said her brother, blowing out the candle as they entered the lamp-lit room.

It was a pretty room, and with its blazing fire looked very warm and snug after the cold, raw night without. Miss Burgoyne threw off her cloak and hat, and set to work to supplement the supper that was already laid on the central table. Her brother Jim—who was a dawdling, goodnatured-looking lad of about fifteen, clad in a marvellous costume of cricketer trousers, a "blazer" of overpowering blue and yellow stripes, and an Egyptian fez set far back on his forehead—helped her to explore the contents of the cupboard; and very soon the three of them were seated at a comfortable, and most welcome, little banquet. Indeed the charming little feast was almost sumptuous: inasmuch that Lionel was inclined to ask himself whether Miss Burgoyne, who was an astute young lady, had not foreseen the possibility of this small supper-party before leaving home in the afternoon. The oysters, for example: did Miss Burgoyne order a dozen oysters for herself alone every evening?—for her brother declared that he had never touched, and would not touch, any such thing. Lionel observed that his own photograph, which he had recently given her, had been accorded the place of honour on the mantel-shelf: another portrait of him, which she had bought, stood on the piano. But why these trivial suspicions?—when she was so kind and hospitable and considerate! She pressed things on him; she herself filled up his glass; she was as merry as possible, and talkative, and good-humoured.

"Just to think we've known each other so long, and you've never been in my house before!" she said. "That's a portrait of my younger sister you're looking at—isn't she pretty? It's a pastel—Miss Corkran's. Of course she is not allowed to sit up for me; only Jim does that; he keeps me company at supper-time; for I couldn't sit down all by myself, could I, in the middle of the night? Oh, yes, you must have some more: I know gentlemen are afraid of champagne in a house looked after by a woman; but that's all right; that was sent me as a Christmas present by Mr. Lehmann—"

"It is excellent," Lionel assured her, "but I must keep my head clear if I am to find my way into Park Lane: after that, it will be easy enough getting home."

"But there's Jim's room!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, no, thank you," he said; "I shall get down there without any trouble."

And then she went to a cabinet that formed part of a bookcase and returned with a cigar-box in her hand.

"I am not so sure of these," she said. "They are some I got when papa was last in town; and he seemed to think them tolerable—"

"Oh, but I shan't smoke, thanks—no, no, I couldn't think of it!" he protested. "You'll soon be coming down again to breakfast—"

"To please me, Mr. Moore," she said, somewhat authoritatively. "I assure you there's nothing in the world I like so much as the smell of cigars."

What was she going to say next? But he took a cigar and lit it; and again she filled up his glass—which he had not emptied; and they set to talking about the Royal Academy of Music, while she nibbled Lychee nuts, and her brother Jim subsided into a French novel. Miss Burgoyne was a sharp and shrewd observer; she had had a sufficiently varied career; and had come through some amusing experiences. She talked well; but on this evening, or morning, rather, always on the good-natured side: if she described the foibles of any one with whom she had come in contact, it was with a laugh. Lionel was inclined to forget that outer world of thick cold fog, so warm and pleasant was the bright and pretty room, so easily the time seemed to pass.

However, he had to tear himself away in the end. She insisted on his having a muffler of Jim's to wrap round his throat; both she and her brother went downstairs to see him out; and then, with a hasty good-bye, he plunged into the dark. He had some difficulty in crossing to the top of Park Lane, for there were waggons come in from the country waiting for the daylight to give them some chance of moving on; but eventually he found himself in the well-known thoroughfare, and thereafter had not much trouble in getting down to his rooms in Piccadilly. This time he went to bed without sitting up in front of the fire, in aimless reverie.

This was not the last he was to hear of that adventure. Two days afterward the foreshadowed paragraph appeared in an evening paper; and from thence it was copied into all the weekly periodicals that deal more or less directly with theatrical affairs. It was headed "The Squire's Daughter in Wednesday night's fog;" and gave a minute and somewhat highly coloured account of Miss Burgoyne's experiences on the night in question; while the fact of her having been escorted by Mr. Lionel Moore was pointed to as another instance of the way in which professional people were always ready to help each other. That this account emanated in the first place from Miss Burgoyne herself, there could be no doubt whatever; for there were certain incidents—as, for example, the cab wheels getting up on the pavement, and the near upsetting of the vehicle—which were only known to herself and her companion; but Lionel did not in his own mind accuse her of having directly instigated its publication. He thought it was more likely one of the advertising tricks of Mr. Lehmann, who was always trying to keep the chief members of his company well before the public. It was the first time, certainly, that he, Lionel, had had his name coupled (unprofessionally) with that of Miss Burgoyne in the columns of a newspaper; but was that of any consequence? People might think what they liked. He had grown a little reckless and careless of late.

But a much more important event was now about to happen which the theatrical papers would have been glad to get for their weekly gossip, had the persons chiefly concerned thought fit. Just at this time there was being formed in London, under distinguished patronage, a loan-collection of arms and embroideries of the middle ages; and there was to be a Private View on the Saturday preceding the opening of the exhibition to the public. Amongst others, Miss Burgoyne received a couple of cards of invitation; whereupon she came to Lionel, told him that her brother Jim was going to see some football match on that day, explained that she was very anxious to have a look at the precious needlework, and virtually asked him to take her to the show. Lionel hung back; the crowd at this Private View were sure to include a number of fashionable folk; there might be one or two people there whom he would rather not meet. But Miss Burgoyne was gently persuasive, not to say pertinacious; he could not well refuse; finally it was arranged he should call for her about half past one o'clock on the Saturday, so that they might have a look round before the crush began in the afternoon!

Trust an actress to know how to dress for any possible occasion! When he called for her, he found her attired in a most charming costume; though, to be sure, when she was at last ready to go, he may have thought her furs a trifle too magnificent for her height. They drove in a hansom to Bond Street. There were few people in the rooms; certainly no one whom he knew; she could study those gorgeous treasures of embroidery from Italy and the East, he was to examine the swords and daggers and coats of mail, as they pleased. And when they had lightly glanced round the rooms, he was to get away again; but she was bent on remaining until the world should arrive, and declared that she had not half exhausted the interest of the various cases.



MR. T. A. TROLLOPE can claim the rare satisfaction of having lived two lives. His life, he thought, was over when, at fifty-five, he lost his first wife; and, accordingly, the second volume of "What I Remember" (Bentley) closed with the year of his loss, 1865. Fine health, however, and a hearty interest in many things, and the charms of Miss Ternan (afterwards widely known as Frances Eleanor Trollope), made it possible for him to begin again a life which we hope may be so prolonged as to enable him to supplement this third volume with a fourth; for this "old man's chatter" (as he calls it) is very pleasant reading. He is a delightful travelling companion; we are glad both to go over the old touring grounds in his company, and also to see, with his keen, genial eyes, places that it has never been our luck to visit. He has a rare way of making friends with his reader, telling him all about his mania for house-buying and house-improving; and, in the frame of mind induced by such confidences, one is ready to profit by the words of wisdom—notes on the Florentine character, on Malaria, on Métyage, on Cavaliere Rosa's work, &c.—of which every chapter contains many. Mr. Trollope thinks the Italian capital should have been Florence. No doubt the fall in house property, after the Government migrated to Rome, influenced him without his knowledge. But his two reasons are excellent: first, the Piedmontese have more backbone than any other Italians, and they get on well with the Florentines, while it is hopeless to try to leaven with them the stubborn Romans; next, with Florence as capital, the quarrel with the Papacy would have been minimised instead of being "exacerbated." Mr. Trollope's means of judging give weight to what he says about the "lasting sentiment of hatred" which has replaced Italian gratitude to France; and he dates it from Mentana, not, as many do, from the quite recent seizure of Tunis. His experiences as correspondent of the *Standard* are interesting; but he was nowhere compared with the Yankee pressman who, he says, insisted on an early copy of the Pope's Allocution—and got it! Young smokers will do well to note that Mr. Trollope, "for reasons which any chemist can understand," always drinks milk with his cigar; but why does he read *Hélas! tout passe*, instead of "*Tout passe, tout lasse, tout casse*"?

Frenchmen superficial indeed! Some years ago we found that the only exhaustive book on Cypriot history was by a Frenchman. Of course "The Viking Age" (Murray) is not exhaustive; but still M. du Chailly's contribution to Norse social history and antiquities is fuller and more comprehensive than any former work on the subject. With that painstaking energy which stood him in such good stead as an explorer, he has gathered into two profusely illustrated volumes all that the most modern as well as the older specialists have written on the various branches of his subject. His alternative title, "The Early History, Manners, and Customs of the Ancestors of the English-speaking Nations," shows why he has given such careful attention to Scandinavian antiquities. He admires the English (he dedicates his book to a citizen of Greater England, George C. Taylor, of New York), he marvels at their energy, their prosperity, their power alike of self-government and of ruling alien peoples; and all that is good in us he attributes to our Norse blood. The Britons had no such qualities; and, as for the Saxons, they were Norsemen under another name. This is too big a question for us. We are neither prepared to identify Saxons (and Franks, p. 221) with Tacitus's Sueones, nor with more than Froude's "froudacity" to hail the Norseman and his child the Norman as the model civilisers. In Great Britain and Ireland the Norsemen were simply destroyers, and very brutal destroyers too. In M. du Chailly's own book burning a man's house over his head is so often recorded that it may be taken as the normal method of these noble warriors. They had more to do, most likely, with the making of "hard Englishmen" than Kingsley's East wind; but we must not predicate perfection of men who were as ruthless as they were daring. Still, whatever be the value of his views, there can be no question that M. du Chailly's 1,366 illustrations, with the explanatory text, give us the completest picture that has ever yet been drawn of Northman life. Stone circles, gallery graves, mounds, stone and bronze and gold implements, carved and inscribed monoliths, wood carvings (some, e.g., the doorposts of Flaa Church, Hellingdal, are very *Scotic*), bracteates, pottery—everything that belongs to the life of pre-Christian and early Christian Norseland is to be found abundantly in a work which is as fascinating as it is scholarly.

"A. K. H. B." is one of the Immortals. How large a portion of our lives has slipped by since he gave us his "Recreations;" and now his "East Coast Days" (Longmans) is as full as ever of his qualities, with a smaller share of what detractors call his defects. These are still there; possibly they are inseparable from the Scottish nature as developed at St. Andrews. But they don't mar our enjoyment of a very enjoyable batch of essays. "Principal Tulloch used to say that the writer had a morbid appetite for going to church" is not to our mind the best way of making a confidence which nevertheless we are well pleased to receive. The liveliest of these reprints is that on the "New Hymnology of the Kirk." The battle over "Abide with Me," and the supplementary struggle over the use of capitals in "Thou" and "Thy" are well described. The "most amiable country minister," who would as soon insert a hymn by the devil as one by Cardinal Newman, contrasts finely with the gentle Dr. Robertson of Greyfriars, who with a flushed face declared that "Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!" could "only lead to Mariolatry if our congregations consist exclusively of born idiots." Mr. Boyd has something new to tell us about Lord Westbury; and, of course, a good deal (e.g. "a story which, though not much in print, was a tremendous one to hear") about Principal Tulloch.

To know "How to Catalogue a Library" (Elliot Stock) is a great help in using catalogues, i.e., in saving time when one goes to read. Mr. H. B. Wheatley discusses the subject in a very practical way, criticising (and quoting the stock criticisms on) Panizzi, giving the American plan as set forth by Mr. Cutter, and adding Mr. Bradshaw's valuable Cambridge experience. Fun, too, crops out unexpectedly amid strata of seriousness, as when we are warned against the cataloguer who entered the *Relatio felix agonis* as a work of Felix Ago.

Major Traherne claims to know as much about "The Habits of the Salmon" (Chapman and Hall) as a non-scientific man can possibly know; and he appositely reminds us that neither salmon-breeding nor improved salmon-fishing can succeed unless they are based on well-established facts about the salmon's natural history. Despite all that has been written, many things are still *sub judice*; but all that has been ascertained about parr, smolt, grilse, and full fish can be learnt from this interesting little book. Collateral questions, too—parasites, the effect of temperature on feeding, &c., are well discussed; while the padding, so weighty in most fishing books, is reduced to a minimum.

"The Century Dictionary" (Century Company, New York; Fisher Unwin, London), to be completed in twenty-four monthly sections, at 10s. 6d. each, will define about 200,000 words. The editor-in-chief is Dr. Dwight Whitney, supported by an able staff of assistants, and also by the chief specialists of the different American Colleges. The work is not only a dictionary, including

English words of every age, "from the mingling of old French and Anglo-Saxon" to the latest Americanisms, it is also an encyclopædia, treating with unusual fulness of technical matters, and adding much practical information of a kind hitherto excluded from dictionaries. The illustrations, which (as in the "Imperial Dictionary," to which Dr. Whitney acknowledges his many obligations) form a marked feature of the work, give much help in this way; the figure of a "hydraulic accumulator," for instance, is more intelligible than pages of description. "The New English Dictionary" has, we are told, only been consulted in revising the proofs of "A" and part of "B," but the conclusions reached are independent; nor can the two be fairly brought into comparison. The American work, to be finished within two years, will seize the market; Dr. Murray's book will be what scholars call a *ktema es æci*. Quotations are given in the case of literary words, of which the proportion is sometimes, for several pages, startlingly few; and also of some scientific words—*amphirhine*, for instance, being verified from Huxley's "Anatomy," though what claim it has to this distinction over *amphipodal*, *amphigean*, &c., it is hard to see. With literary quotations there is always a doubt; who, we may ask, would think that *amphitheatrical* was first used in Darwin's "Voyage of the *Beagle*"? It is impossible, nowadays, to separate science and literature; and the close proximity of an exhaustive etymological discussion on *anvil*, which is traced back to Old Flemish and Old Gothic; with the definition of *autrostomus*, "a genus of fissirostral and setirostral non-passerine insessorial *caprimulgidae*, with cavernous mouths garnished with long ictal vibrissae," shows a determination in the "Century Dictionary" to stretch comprehensiveness to the uttermost. This first instalment is beautifully printed on the usual glazed American paper.

The Rev. J. H. Whitehead is quite right in saying that clergymen often read very badly; whether his "Practical Hints on the Public Reading of the Liturgy," by italicising and accenting the important words (Elliot Stock), will be useful, each reader must decide for himself. The fear is lest some, following Mr. Whitehead too implicitly, might take to "preaching the prayers," the worst offence of all. Was it necessary to bring in the poor old joke about "Saddle me the ass?" And was any one ever puzzled as to "speak the word *only*?" On the other hand, "two other, malefactors" does need notice.

Mr. Spencer Walpole is to be envied, so thoroughly is his subject his hero in "The Life of Lord John Russell" (Longmans). Lord John (of course the earlier title was to be preferred) lived through some of the most remarkable changes in our political history. He entered Parliament in 1813, when England was virtually ruled by a narrow oligarchy—Lord Beaconsfield's "great Houses." Public meetings were then illegal in England. Dear corn and low wages were the aim of the Legislature. The Poor Laws avowedly pandered to rural immorality. All this and much more Lord Russell lived to see altered; indeed, his later years were disquieted by younger men pushing his principles to extremes that he did not relish. In all the earlier home reforms his share was so great as to justify the enthusiasm that his name at one time excited. On his foreign policy the truest comment is his own. In 1869 he wrote, "I have committed many errors—some of them very gross blunders." Among these many will include the Schleswig-Holstein business and the Durham letter. The latter Mr. Walpole practically gives up. Remembering *Punch's* "little boy who chalked up 'No Popery,' &c.," he could hardly do less. His chapter on the Danish Question is a model of special pleading. He is right in laying most of the blame on Lord Palmerston, who was so over-anxious to "make a notch off his own bat," and who actually said that in case of a war "the French army would walk over the Prussian, and get without difficulty to Berlin." One feels, after reading Mr. Walpole, that had we joined with Louis Napoleon in insisting on a Congress, thousands of lives and milliards of money would have been saved, and a peace-footing might have been maintained for at least a generation longer. England's indecision at that crisis was Germany's opportunity. She felt that, despite Lord Palmerston's empty bluster, our statesmen feared her; she had our Court party strongly on her side; and accordingly she seized the position which soon made her mistress of Europe. The book is not only an able summary of almost contemporary history, but a finished picture of a useful and consistent career. There is plenty about family matters e.g., the strange meanness wherewith the owner of the London Bedford Estate so long left his brother in almost penury. "Lord John" is always in evidence throughout the two volumes. The only point on which we could wish more light is his policy during the Irish famine. He had won golden opinions; did he not belong to that Melbourne Ministry which, though it did so little, managed, thanks mainly to Thomas Drummond, "to conquer the anti-Saxon spirit and to add eight millions to the King's subjects"? (O'Connell in 1836). How sad that his doctrinaire narrowness should have missed the grand opportunity of bringing in Irish waste-lands, while his so long leaving the food supply to private enterprise intensified a distress of which he seems never to have realised the horrors.

In "How Men Propose" (Fisher Unwin), Miss Agnes Stevens has collected from the novels of more than one hundred authors, English, American, and foreign, the scenes in which "the fateful question" is asked and answered. They are classified under various heads, such as "The Youthful Proposal," "The Vicarious," "The Pompous," "The Humble," "The Successful," "The Resultless," and so forth. This, we need hardly say, is not a book to be read through: indeed we can imagine no greater penance than for a young man whose fancy is lightly turning to thoughts of love to be condemned to master the contents of "How Men Propose" with the idea of gaining a "tip" for the successful prosecution of his own suit. But it is a very pleasant book to have by one's side, and dip into occasionally. Some of the scenes, apart from their special purpose, are charming specimens of their authors' styles. Miss Stevens is to be congratulated upon the result of what must have been, in every sense of the words, a "labour of love."

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

FROM the pen of Mr. Emily E. Reader, author of "Voices from Flower-land," "Light Through the Crannies," &c., we have another volume of poems, entitled "Echoes of Thought; A Medley of Verse" (Longmans). It is characterised by that mystical turn of idea which has been noticed in previous publications of the author. Her aim is unquestionably a lofty one, and to it her muse is not altogether unequal. In the blank verse dedication we have a fine thought finely expressed:—

He finds
No act too mean to bear the stamp of right
On its imperfect face—no thing too small
To help in building up a noble life.

By those who are in sympathy with the Christian spiritualism of the author, "Echoes of Thought" should be heartily appreciated, though much of it may be a little too esoteric for the grasp of the ordinary Philistine reason, and, indeed, with many others it will be a case of "seeing through a glass darkly." We will quote the two concluding verses from the poem "Life" as fairly typical of Mrs. Reader's manner:—

And that which is pure ariseth by severance kind from kind,
But that which is gross and heavy remaineth on earth behind,
As riseth the fragrance of Nature at the first warm breath of the sun,
So that which is spirit uprising to spirit, and all is done.

As it chanced, the first persons he saw whom he knew were Miss Georgie Lestrangle and her brother; and Miss Georgie, not perceiving that any one was with him (for Miss Burgoyne was at the moment feasting her eyes on some rich-hued Persian stuffs, came up to him.

"Why, Mr. Moore, you have quite disappeared of late," the ruddy-haired damsel said, quite reproachfully. "Where have you been? What have you been doing?"

"Don't you ever read the newspapers, Miss Lestrangle?" he said. "I have been advertised as being on view every night at the New Theatre."

"Oh, I don't mean that. Lady Adela says you have quite forsaken her."

"Is Lady Adela to be here this afternoon?" he asked, in an off-hand way.

"Oh, certainly," replied Miss Georgie. "She is going everywhere just now, in order to put everything into her new novel. It is to be a perfectly complete picture of London life as we see it around us."

"That is, the London between Bond-street and Campden Hill?"

"Oh, well, all London is too big for one canvas. You must cut it into sections. I dare say she will take up Whitechapel in her next book."

Miss Burgoyne turned from the glass case to seek her companion, and seemed a little surprised to find him talking to these two strangers. It was the swiftest glance; but Miss Georgie divined the situation in an instant.

"Good-bye for the present," she said, and she and her brother passed on.

And now he was more anxious than ever to get away. If Lady Adela and her sisters were coming to this exhibition, was it not highly probable that Honnor Cunyngnam might be of the party? He did not wish to meet any one of them; especially did he not care to meet them while he was acting as escort to Miss Burgoyne. There were reasons which he could hardly define; he only knew that the clicking of the turnstile on the stair was an alarming sound; and that he regarded each new group of visitors, as they came into the room, with a furtive apprehension.

"Oh, very well," Miss Burgoyne said, at length, "let us go."

And on the staircase she again said: "What is it? Are you afraid of meeting the mamma of some girl you've jilted? Or some man to whom you owe money for cards? Ah, Master Lionel, when are you going to reform, and lead a steady and respectable life?"

He breathed more freely when he was outside: here, in the crowd, if he met any one to whom he did not wish to speak, he could be engaged with his companion and pass on without recognition. He proposed to Miss Burgoyne that they should walk home, by way of Piccadilly and Park Lane; and that young lady cheerfully assented. It was quite a pleasant afternoon, for London in mid-winter. The setting sun shone with a dull copper lustre along the fronts of the tall buildings; and over the trees of the Green Park hung clouds that were glorified by the intervening red-hued mists. The air was crisp and cold—what a blessing it was to be able to breathe.

Lionel was silent and absorbed; he only said "Yes?" "Really!" "Indeed," in answer to the vivacious chatter of his companion, who was in the most animated spirits. His brows were drawn down; his look was more sombre than it ought to have been, considering who was with him. Perhaps he was thinking of the crowded rooms they had recently left; and of the friends who might now be arriving there, from whom he had voluntarily isolated himself. Had they, had any one of them, counselled him to keep within his own sphere? Well, he had taken that advice: here he was—walking with Miss Burgoyne!

All of a sudden that young lady stopped and turned to the window of a jeweller's shop; and of course he followed. No wonder her eyes had been attracted: here were all kinds of beautiful things and splendours—tiaras, coronets, necklaces, pendants, bracelets, earrings, bangles, brooches, set with all manner of precious stones, the clear-radiant diamond, the purple amethyst, the sea-green emerald, the mystic opal, the blue-black sapphire, the clouded pearl. Her raptured vision wandered from tray to tray, but it was a comparatively trifling article that finally claimed her attention—a tiny finger-ring set with small rubies and brilliants.

"Oh, do look at this!" she said to her companion. "Did you ever see such a love of a ring—what a perfect engagement-ring it would make!"

Then what mad, half-sullen, half-petulant, and wholly reckless impulse sprang into his brain!

"Well, will you wear that as an engagement-ring, if I give it to you?" he asked.

She looked up, startled, amused, but not displeased. "Why, really—really—that is a question to ask!" she exclaimed.

"Come along in and see if it fits your finger—come along!" and therewith Miss Burgoyne, a little bewildered, and still inclined to laugh, found herself at the jeweller's counter. Was it a joke? Oh, certainly not. Lionel was quite serious and matter-of-fact. The tray was produced. The ring was taken out. For a moment she hesitated as to which finger to try it on, but overcame that shyness, and placed it on the third finger of her left hand, and said it fitted admirably.

"Just keep it where it is, then," he said; and then he added a word or two to the jeweller, whom he knew; and he and his companion left the shop.

"Oh, Lionel, what an idea!" said Miss Burgoyne, with her eyes bent modestly on the pavement. "If I had fancied you knew that man, do you think I would ever have entered the place? What must he think! What would any one think—an engagement in the middle of the streets of London!"

"Plenty of witnesses to the ceremony, that's all," said he, lightly.

Nay, was there not a curious sense of possession, now that he walked alongside this little bright person in the magnificent furs? He had acquired something by this simple transaction: he would be less lonely now; he would mate with his kind. But he did not choose to look far into the future. Here he was walking along Piccadilly, with a cheerful, and smiling, and prettily-costumed young lady by his side who had just been so kind as to accept an engagement-ring from him; and what more could he want?

"Lionel," she said, still with modestly downcast eyes, "this mustn't be known to any human being—no, not to a single human being—not yet, I mean. I will get a strip of white india-rubber to cover the ring, so that no one shall be able to see it on the stage."

Perhaps he recalled the fact that recently she had been wearing another ring similarly concealed from the public gaze; or perhaps he had forgotten that little circumstance. What did it matter? Did anything matter? He only knew he had pledged himself to marry Kate Burgoyne—enough.

(To be continued)

A FINE RUBENS has been discovered at Arad, in Hungary. It represents St. Lawrence, and is painted on cedar-wood, with the artist's monogram in the corner. Originally it belonged to Catherine II. of Russia.



A PARADE OF THE HIGHLAND COMPANIES OF THE CAPETOWN VOLUNTEERS, AT CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA



A SET OF LANCERS ON MULE-BACK IN BELUCHISTAN, INDIA



LISTENING TO THE BAND ON THE PIER
THE SEASON AT BRIGHTON

In "Lost Chords" (Parker and Co.) we have the fruit of the literary leisure of the Rev. W. Moore, Rector of Appleton, late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Its most striking feature is a very pretty rhymed lyrical rendering, entitled "Sulamith," of the Song of Solomon. The main divisions of the drama, the distribution of the dialogue, the mutual relations of the speakers, the locale, the conception of a spiritual and moral lesson conveyed in the actual utterances (without the aid in the first instance of mystical interpretation) are derived from a manuscript translation of the text, and comments on it, by the Rev. Henry Deane, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. The object of the Sacred Book is assumed to be the conversion of Solomon and his corrupt Court through the influence of the simple spiritually-minded Sulamith. The prophetic author of the Song desired, according to Mr. Deane, to wean Solomon from his sensual life and sceptical opinions, by leading him to study the beauties of rural nature. Here is one verse of the song sung by the ladies of Jerusalem to the dancing Sulamith—

Thy soft head shows in its motion
Gloss of Carmel's wildernesses,
And deep violet hues of ocean
Float upon those mystic tresses
[Enter SOLOMON.
Where the King now, as he gazes,
Lingers spell-bound in their mazes.

There are some fine poems and sonnets scattered through the work.

CAVENDISH COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
OPENING OF THE COLLEGE HALL

THE new buildings of Cavendish College, Cambridge, recently erected by the munificence of the Duke of Devonshire (the Chancellor of the University) and Mr. G. E. Foster of Cambridge, were opened on November 16th by the Marquis of Hartington, to meet whom a distinguished assembly of resident members of the University and of visitors assembled at the invitation of the College Council. After a luncheon given in the new College Hall, Professor Liveing, who presided, in proposing the toast of "The Founders of the new Hall," described the College as an institution designed to provide for students, somewhat under the usual age of undergraduates, a University education, with the greatest degree of economy compatible with thorough efficiency. The Marquis of Hartington, replying on behalf of the Duke of Devonshire, dwelt on the importance of the wider diffusion of the advantages of the University which the College offered. Sir James Paget spoke of the importance of the institution in affording training for the medical and scholastic professions. The Vice-Chancellor (Rev. Dr. H. M. Butler, Master of Trinity), in the name of the University welcomed



the College at this new departure in its history. Sir Andrew Clarke spoke warmly in favour of the aims of the College, and Professor Humphry testified to the excellent behaviour and success of the students of the College in the University School of Medicine. Among the guests were Earl Nelson, Lords Kinnaird and Wantage, Sir J. W. Ellis, Professor Sir G. G. Stokes, M.P., Sir H. Roscoe, M.P., Sir F. Bramwell, Sir P. Magnus, Professor Sir G. Paget, Sir G. H. Chambers, Mr. B. Rowlands, M.P., Mr. Penrose Fitzgerald, M.P., Archdeacon Vesey, Professor Seeley, Canon Creighton, and Dr. Jebb. The buildings are of red brick dressed with stone, and comprise, in addition to the Hall (which is wainscotted with walnut, and is one of the largest and finest in the University), cloisters and kitchens, &c., fitted with the most improved cooling and heating apparatus by the Wilson Engineering Company. The cost of the buildings is 6,500l.; the architects were Messrs. Giles, Gough, and Trollope, of Craven Street, W.C.; the contractors, Messrs. Claridge and Bloxham, of Banbury.



DID Mr. F. Anstey's "The Pariah" (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.) contain a single vein of the comedy which is as inseparable from the tragedy of real life as it ought to be from that of fiction; did it rise above life high enough to recognise the necessity of justice; and could one close it without a desire to forget it all as soon as possible—then we should have no hesitation in placing it, despite its needless length and its frequent dullness, among novels of the very highest dignity. While, however, not one of the deductions we have made is fatal of itself, their combination, it need not be said, is inconsistent with rating it so high as its signal power makes us wish were possible. It is far too cruel a work to charm; it is one of those stories which make one ask whether an author has any right to bring into existence real men and women solely for the purpose of making them wicked, or weak, or miserable. The history of Margot Chevening and Allen Chadwick seems to belong to a world which some malignant spirit had fashioned for its own amusement. But we should not feel this were not the power unquestionable; and there is enough of this in the portrait of Margot

to be the making of a dozen pleasanter novels. Mr. Anstey makes his reader feel towards that "beautiful, self-willed, erring" woman as her high-minded lover, Nugent Orme, felt towards her—as if it were impossible to hate her, or to despise her, even when she appears to be most infamously mean and cruel, or to fail to be conscious of something heroic about her even when seeming to stoop deliberately to the vilest treachery, or to be floundering in lies. Of equal value, from an artistic point of view, is Allen Chadwick, the family "Pariah"; one of those dumb and ignorant souls lodged in uncouth bodies, hopelessly abject and vulgar even when acting heroism or suffering martyrdom. How remorselessly Mr. Anstey kills him when, in one moment more, he would have learned that the good name he had sacrificed for Margot's sake had been restored to him, and that the worst of his martyrdom was a thenceforth over, we shall not describe any more than the rest of a story which must be read as a whole in order to be comprehended, so elaborate are its psychological complications. We are not sure, however, that we can sincerely congratulate Mr. Anstey upon having graduated himself in the school of Balzac, though with honours. He leaves us only two pleasant recollections—Margot's little sister Lettice, and the dog Yarrow.

"No existence can be perfect except through restraint and sacrifice," quotes Frances Mary Peard on the title page of "Paul's Sister" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son). But she takes a singular method of illustrating her text. Norma Wineyatt, overcome with remorse for not having known, during her dead husband's life, that he had been afflicted with a fatal heart disease, which he had carefully concealed from her, endeavours to render atonement by making herself a martyr to the selfish caprices of her sister-in-law, as being "Paul's Sister." All this is very morbid, to say the least; and is certainly not what is intended by any recognised doctrine of renunciation. The story is, however, told so sympathetically that one fails to realise its perversity—at any rate, until the last volume is laid down. Even so, however, the sympathy is less bestowed upon Norma than upon a certain Major Tim Macarthy, a most pathetic and, so far as we are aware, a genuinely original portrait of an intensely loveable character, with an absolute genius for un-intended mischief. Not many people who make acquaintance with this most irresponsible and most unprincipled of philanthropists will arrive at his funeral without an inclination to share in the tears of all who knew him—even of those whom he had gone his furthest to ruin. For his sake alone "Paul's Sister" is well worth reading.

Readers who retain pleasant recollections of those immortal romances, "The Babes in the Wood" and "Fatherless Fanny," will welcome John Tipton's "A Trust Betrayed" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey). Never did heroine of the nursery undergo such a series of persecutions as Beryl Curtis. There are no fewer than six full-blown villains who, for their respective purposes, endeavour to get her into their hands, and almost succeed at one time in driving her to perish on a doorstep from cold and despair—and then there are two more volumes of persecutions still to come. The work has, at any rate, the merit of simplicity such as we fancied had taken wing long ago from a realistic and self-conscious world.

Simplicity, of a more modern order, is also the distinguishing note of "The Story of May Herries," by J. Francis (Ward and Downey). Its plot, however, is ancient enough—that of a brother mistaken for a lover; but the theme is varied by making the brother an impostor, and by bringing to a happy end a misunderstanding to which fashion used to decree a sad one—both variations being decided improvements. The novel is written with a pleasant freshness and spirit, and—as in the case of Mary's mathematical father—not without touches of comedy; and, on the whole, it may be regarded as of promise, supposing the author not to fall into the delusion that it is an easy thing to be interesting.

Mr. Edward Garnett's "Light and Shade" (1 vol.: T. Fisher Unwin) belongs to the province of poetry rather than to that of prose; or, at any rate, to prose of De Quincey's "impassioned" order. It is at once a study of a soul that dies of disillusion, and a vision, in scenes of Eastern London, of the general mystery of human sin and misery; and on both its kindred themes its eloquence, though at times over-elaborate and excessively florid, is unquestionable. Driscoll's wild friendship for Frances Lester is certainly open to the charge of exaggeration; and altogether Mr. Garnett is better as a painter of word-pictures than as a psychologist—some of his street scenes are admirable as descriptions, and only far too real. The paganism of his views will probably tone down together with the exuberance of his style.

"Queer Stories from Truth," Sixth Series (Truth Office, 10, Bolt Court). The former issues of these stories were from the pens of various contributors, notably that of the late Mr. Grenville Murray, but we are informed that the present series is all by one hand. They fully maintain the peculiar reputation won by their predecessors; and though, like them, they chiefly deal with what may be called the police-court side of human nature, they are sometimes pathetic, sometimes laughable, and always readable. As a favourable example of the author's lighter vein we may cite "An Episcopal Fix," wherein are depicted the woes of an elderly Bishop, with whom a thief exchanges clothes in a Turkish bath. The moral, of course, is, as Herr Teufelsdröckh pointed out years ago, that Clothes form an important part of Man.

LANDING SURVIVORS FROM THE WRECK,
CAISTER, NEAR GREAT YARMOUTH

ON the wind-swept coast of Norfolk scenes like the subject of our illustration are of frequent occurrence. Open to the full force of easterly gales, and with a labyrinth of sandbanks extending far to seaward, every storm brings its tales of disaster, and adds its quota to the sad array of black dots on the Wreck Chart.

This particular sketch of the return of the lifeboat with the rescued was made at Caister, a small village two miles north of Great Yarmouth, whose company of beachmen, manning the lifeboat stationed there by the National Lifeboat Institution, have saved more lives than any other crew round our coasts. A rough life is theirs. Frequently roused out of their warm beds by the brazen clang of the alarm-bell at their shed, rushing down the village street through the black night, they launch their heavy surf-boat through the breakers, shipping tons of water, haul off by the anchored warp, and, hoisting their storm-lugs, beat off through the white spindrift across the intervening sands—a perfect hell-broth of splurging foam—making for the dimly-seen flare lighted by the half-drowned wretches on the wreck, in this case hard and fast on the North Cross Sand, some four miles out. Then they anchor, and slowly veer down to the wreck (now beginning to break up), and, watching their chance, drop alongside, and one by one get the exhausted, shivering wretches into the boat, not forgetting the mongrel ship-dog, of "Snarley-yow" type. Hauling back to their anchor, they weigh and make sail for the beach, where their comrades are anxiously waiting their return. Tenderly the drenched and shivering women are landed by these rough sea-dogs, then the men, and such personal property as may have been saved in the rush for the boat. The coastguard officer takes down the particu-

lars of the wrecked vessel, and up from the beach straggles a string of sea-soaked, shivering figures, some carried by the fury giants in glittering wet "oilies" and "sou'-westers," some able to walk with help. Arrived at the shed, such tendence is given as may be necessary in the way of warmth and stimulants, and the rescued are taken to the Sailors' Home, Great Yarmouth, and from thence forwarded to their homes.

NELSON'S LAST LETTER

ADMIRAL W. G. LUARD, C.B., made an interesting presentation to the Royal Navy Club of 1765 and 1785 (united in 1889) on the occasion of the "Trafalgar" dinner, held at the Hotel Metropole, on October 21st. Lord Nelson's last letter, written to Lady Hamilton just before the battle, has lately been given to the Victory by Admiral Sir George Willes, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, that it may be placed with the other relics in Nelson's cabin. A facsimile has, however, been made by Mr. E. Harris, F.S.A., and it is this which has been presented to the Club by Admiral Luard.

Victory, Oct. 19th 1805
Wm. G. Luard

My Dearest beloved Emma the dear friend of my bosom the Lord has been made that the Emma's friends are coming out of Port, we have very little wind so that I have hopes of seeing them before tomorrow. May the fort of Blatens arrive my endeavours with success, at all events I will take care that my name shall not be most dear to you and that both of you I love as much as my own life, and as my last writing before the battle will be before so I hope in for that I shall time to finish my letter after the

Oath, may Heaven bless you for your Nelson's friends, Oct. 20th in the morning we were out to the mouth of the St. George but the wind had not come for enough to the weather to follow the ground fast to weather the shores of the flag but they were carried as far as forty sail of ships of War which I saw on the 3rd of the line and six frigates, a group of them was seen off the Lighthouse off the tip of the island but it blows so very fresh I think that I rather believe they will reach the Harbour before night, May God Almighty give us success over these fellows

and make us to get a Peace

This letter was found upon an his book L. Luard. To Let's H. Luard

Copy to H. Luard

the manuscript was found

at glorious L. Luard Nelson

The letter has been enclosed in a handsome ark-shaped wooden shrine; is accompanied by Nelson's last prayer, printed in letters of gold, and a portrait of Lady Hamilton; and is adorned with a suitable inscription. It is kept at the United Service Institution, Whitehall, and we are enabled by the courtesy of the Secretary, Captain Burgess, R.N., to give the accompanying facsimile of this interesting letter.

ADMIRAL LORD NELSON'S PRAYER BEFORE THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

"MAY the great God whom I worship grant to my country and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it, and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the great cause which is entrusted to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen!"

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—At this season there is a great demand for new songs wherewith to while away the long winter evenings; the demand is quite equal to the supply, and, if at times there is a strong family likeness in songs, they pass muster and please for a time. A song which will not be soon put aside is "Sursum Corda" (Lift Your Hearts), written and composed by M. Piccolomini, published in two keys. The pathetic words will bring tears to many eyes.—The title of "We Met Too Late," words by Clifton Bingham, music by Lovett King denotes that it is of a melancholy turn, and therefore will find favour with young people, who have all their troubles before them.—"The Windmill," one of Longfellow's sweet and homely poems, has been set to appropriate music by Hugh Temperley.—No. 1. of "Twelve Two-Part Songs," for equal treble voices, words by "Rea," music by Alfred Redhead, is "Summer," a simple and tuneful composition.



LANDING SURVIVORS FROM A WRECK AT CAISTER, NEAR GREAT YARMOUTH



THE revolution in BRAZIL has taken Europe completely by surprise. To all appearances Brazil was peaceful, contented, and devoted to her intellectual Sovereign; yet suddenly the Emperor is deposed and exiled, the Republic proclaimed, and this sweeping constitutional change is completed without any material disturbance or bloodshed. Discontent, however, seems to have been brewing for some time past. The Crown Princess was distinctly unpopular, thanks to her Ultra-Clerical leanings, and, in a minor degree, to the abolition of slavery, which she carried through against all opposition; while her husband, the Comte d'Eu, was disliked as a foreigner. Changes, therefore, were prophesied at her accession, but not during the life of the Emperor. Recently the popular disaffection was fostered by General da Fonseca, Commander of the Rio garrison, who became one of the most popular men in the country, after the fashion of General Boulanger. The Republicans having accepted the General as their head, on the night of Nov. 14th troops were posted throughout Rio, and next morning General da Fonseca and the garrison announced to the people that the Empire had fallen, and the Republic of the United States of Brazil reigned in its stead. Three soldiers shot at, and slightly wounded, the Minister of Marine in the excitement; but no further trouble occurred. The Ministry quietly resigned, finding no support from either the army or the people; and General da Fonseca, with his chief assistant, M. Benjamin Constant, went straight to the Imperial Palace at Petropolis to inform the Emperor of his deposition. Dom Pedro refused to abdicate, but decided to yield to force; and expressed his acquiescence in a brief proclamation, stating that he should always cherish hopes for the prosperity of Brazil. Twenty-four hours later the whole Imperial family were shipped off to exile on board the *Alagoas*, escorted by Brazilian ironclads out of sight of the coast. Every respect was paid to the Emperor, even extending to an affectionate farewell from the new Government and the people, while he received a parting offering of 500,000*l.*, with a promise of a yearly pension of 90,000*l.* He has gone to Lisbon, the foreign branch of the House of Braganza thus returning to the home from which it was driven by Napoleon eighty years ago. Rio at once settled down under the new régime, which was quietly accepted by all the Brazilian Provinces, Bahia alone holding out for a day. A Provisional Government was then formed, with General da Fonseca as President without portfolio; M. Constant, Professor at the Military Academy, and a journalist, as War Minister; another journalist, Señor Bocayura, for Foreign Minister; the remaining portfolios being filled by equally steady men. The Government immediately announced that the new Republic would "respect all engagements, obligations, and contracts of the State," and declared that public order would be firmly maintained. A Proclamation to the nation followed, stating that "the Provinces of Brazil, united by Federation, compose the United States of Brazil," that each State will form its own Local Government, and will send a representative to Congress, which will shortly be convened to decide the definitive government of the nation.

Quiet and pacific as the Revolution has been, there seems little doubt that it is effectual, and that Monarchy has a poor chance of restoration in a country so surrounded by Republican neighbours. Whether the Brazilian United States will remain united is far more doubtful, for the twenty Provinces, covering an area nearly as large as Europe, may well split up into minor Republics. SPAIN and PORTUGAL are greatly concerned by the news, the Spaniards retaining unpleasant reminiscences of military "pronunciamientos," while the Portuguese are naturally affected through family reasons. Having so lately changed rulers, Portugal is specially susceptible and uneasy, alarmed by the Republican spirit abroad, and the difficulties which may arise through the Imperial exiles settling at Lisbon. All countries unite in sympathy with Emperor Pedro, whose intellectual powers and enlightened ideas inspire general respect.

In FRANCE the Ministerial programme for the coming Session was put before the Chamber on Tuesday, and received favourably, if without enthusiasm. As expected, the Government propose to touch neither of the two important problems, Revision and the separation of Church and State—"questions which irritate and divide men," as M. Tirard remarked—but will direct their attention to practical domestic reforms. Justice is to be made cheaper, taxation lightened, harbour and railway works will be promoted, and the commercial situation studied thoroughly in view of new commercial treaties. The elections, said the Premier, proved that France clung to the Republic, and desired harmony and peace; the Deputies should therefore aid her pacific intentions, which had been so splendidly displayed in the Exhibition. In returning thanks for his election as President of the Chamber, M. Floquet struck the same note in favour of peace and praise of the Exhibition, strongly exhorting the House to be impartial and united. Moderation being the order of the day, the Deputies accordingly received very quietly a proposal for Revision brought forward by the Radical M. Maujan, which was refused "urgency" by a large majority. The verification of the elections is still proceeding uneventfully, for those likely to be warmly contested—M. Joffrin's election, for instance—are left to the last. The hopes of the Moderates increase, as several prominent Conservatives have come over to their ranks; but, on the other hand, many Reactionaries are forming an independent group. PARIS cannot reconcile herself to losing the excitement of the Exhibition, and has welcomed a reminiscence of its glories in a lively *revue* at the Nouveautés—"Paris-Attraction," by MM. Burani, Clerc, and Lemonnier. A new Eastern Museum—the Musée Guimet—was opened by the President on Wednesday, the State providing the building and an Art amateur the interesting collection; while another artistic item is the unveiling of a monument to De Neuville, the deceased war-painter. A French patriot of different type has also been commemorated by a statue at Grenoble—Jouvin, who founded the prosperity of the glove-trade.

In GERMANY, the Emperor is at home again, but public opinion still speculates on the result of his movements. There is a general belief that Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky decided that Austria must turn the cold shoulder to Bulgaria, to allow Russia increased influence in that quarter, and that the German and Austrian Emperors met at Innsbruck to endorse their Premiers' decision. This view, however, is supported by neither country, for the semi-official Berlin *Post* even flatly contradicts the report that Austria's hands should be tied in Bulgaria, where she possesses a natural interest, while the Austrian *Pester Lloyd* repeats the contradiction. Austrians and Germans continue most cordial, and Prince Henry, when visiting Pola with the German Squadron, spoke warmly of rejoicing "over our alliance with you." Emperor William goes to Darmstadt on December 6th, thus healing a long-existing coolness with the Hessian Court. In the Reichstag, the Budget Committee have accepted the Military Bill which provides for two new army corps, but the proposed subsidy for German colonial steamer lines was not so fortunate, being referred by the House back to Committee. Owing to the late disasters in Africa, the Germans are not very keen on colonial affairs.

In BELGIUM the Anti-Slavery Conference has assembled at Brussels, under the Presidency of Baron Lambert, Secretary-General of the Belgian Ministry for Foreign Affairs. Sixteen Powers are represented by twenty-one plenipotentiaries—chiefly their Ministers to the Belgian Court—and numerous delegates, who will work with the plenipotentiaries in committee, the latter alone being present at the full sittings of the Conference. Delegations from various national anti-slavery societies will also be heard. The three Belgian officials representing the Congo Free State have prepared long reports on the measures against slavery in that region, while other main points for discussion are the creation of an international tribunal, the right of search by men-of-war of every merchantman leaving African ports, and the regulation of the traffic in spirits and firearms. The members of the Conference have been cordially entertained by the King at the Palace.

In EASTERN EUROPE affairs are much quieter. ROUMANIA has changed her Ministry with very little excitement, General Mano having succeeded M. Catargi as Premier. The new Cabinet will follow M. Bratiano's foreign policy, and will oppose Russian influence.—In SERBIA, Queen Natalie remains mistress of the field, King Milan having retired to Paris, although he denies having sanctioned increased intercourse between the young King and his mother. He states that they can only meet with his permission, and he prophesies that the Queen's obstinacy may cost her son his Crown.—CRETE expects another Governor, as Chakir Pasha will probably be superseded by a man of sterner temperament. GREECE for the present sees the wisdom of non-interference, the Cretan debate in the Chamber having ended in a vote of confidence for M. Tricoupis, who, in return, cheered the Deputies by the promise of a handsome Budget surplus. The same happy financial prospect rejoices EGYPT, where the Budget shows a surplus of 150,000*l.* after remitting taxation to the amount of 100,000*l.* This remission will greatly benefit the poorer classes by abolishing the tradesmen's tax, with other vexatious dues. Penny postage is introduced, and the Education Budget considerably increased. In TURKEY, Moussa Bey is imprisoned at last, and his trial fixed for to-day (Saturday).

Prince Albert Victor is most warmly received in INDIA, his visit to Hyderabad proving a great success. Reviews, State banquets, receptions and a ball, fireworks and illuminations enlivened his stay, but the Prince most enjoyed the novelty of hunting buck with cheetahs and the snipe-shooting. He has spent this week at Madras, where a long programme of festivities was gone through. Now that the cool season has arrived, the dacoit bands still at large in BURMA are to be hunted down, an important expedition going from Bhamo against the Alompra Pretender. Another Pretender, the Mingoon Prince, is harmless for the present, as the French authorities have detained him at Saigon. The Chin-Lushai Expedition is also being completed, the Duke of Connaught having enthusiastically harangued the 28th Pioneers on their departure to join the force. The Siam Boundary Commission, under M. Ney Elias, are on their way to Karennee to meet the Siamese Commissioner, and begin work opposite Sawlon, the capital of the Red Karens. A strong military and police force accompanies the British Commission.

The question of Federation for AUSTRALIA is now treated in a long reply from the Premier of VICTORIA to Sir Henry Parkes' proposal of a Conference to discuss the matter. Loyal to the Federal Council, which NEW SOUTH WALES so stoutly refuses to join, Mr. Gillies recommends that, instead of the suggested Conference, the members of the Council should meet the New South Wales representatives to consider the scheme of Federal Government. Mr. Morehead, the QUEENSLAND Colonial Secretary, supports his views, believing that it would be preferable to develop the Council into a Dominion Parliament rather than dissolve the body.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In ITALY the British Envoy to the Pope, Sir J. L. Simmonds, would be received by His Holiness on Thursday. The Vatican hopes that the negotiations may result in re-establishing diplomatic relations with England. Italy has formally notified the Powers of her new Protectorate on the African coast.—The Maritime Conference in the UNITED STATES has finished discussing the amendments to the rules of the road at sea. In the Cronin trial the prosecution have concluded their evidence, and the defence are trying to produce *alibis*. The Americans are very proud of sending their squadron of four new warships to Europe.



THE QUEEN has returned to Windsor. Her Majesty's last days in the Highlands were occupied by revisiting her favourite spots, and bidding good-bye to her neighbours, while the Royal party also enjoyed a farewell picnic at the Glassalt Shiel. The Rev. Dr. Story arrived on Saturday night, and dined with the Queen, while on Sunday he officiated at Divine Service before the Royal party, and joined Her Majesty at dinner. The Queen and Princess Beatrice left Balmoral on Wednesday, slightly altering their usual homeward route from Ballater, in order to pass over the Tay Bridge, and obtain a glimpse of the Forth Bridge. They reached Windsor to breakfast on Thursday morning, and will remain at the Castle till just before Christmas, which is to be spent at Osborne.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have also returned to England. They stayed three days in Paris on their way home, and immediately after their arrival the Prince and Prince George called on President Carnot and Lord and Lady Lytton. M. Carnot returned their visit, and in the evening the Prince and Princess with their daughters and Prince George went to see M. Daudet's *Lutte pour la Vie* at the Gymnase. On Saturday the Princess and daughters drove in the Bois de Boulogne, while the Princes visited M. d'Epina's studio, and M. and Madame Carnot called during their absence. In the evening the Royal party went to the Variétés. After attending church on Sunday morning, the Prince and Princess and family lunched at the British Embassy, and left in the evening for England, travelling *via* Calais and Dover. They arrived in town early on Monday morning, when the Duke and Duchess of Fife came to lunch, and the Prince of Wales called on the Duke of Cambridge. On Tuesday the Prince received Sir Somers Vane, assistant-secretary of the Imperial Institute, and in the evening the Prince and Princess and Prince George went to the Lyceum. Yesterday (Friday) the Royal party would leave town for San Irlingham. The Prince's health is much improved by his foreign trip. When the Prince and Princess visit Lord and Lady Wimborne at Canford Manor, Dorset, in January, they will go to Poole on the 16th to open the People's Park and Recreation Ground, and subsequently to Bournemouth to inaugurate the Royal Jubilee Hospital.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh come to England next week for a short visit only, as they will spend Christmas at Coburg. The Duke presides next Thursday at the first meeting of the Executive Committee for the coming Arts and Sports Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery.—The Royal gathering at Athens is rapidly dispersing. The Czarevitch left on Sunday, the Danish King and Queen on Tuesday, and the Empress Frederick and daughters were to start for Naples yesterday, after celebrating Her Majesty's forty-ninth birthday on Thursday with the Greek Royal Family.

The Empress will spend Christmas at Naples, and later go to Florence.—The Queen of Portugal has another son—her second child—who has been named Manuel.



"THE BELLES OF THE VILLAGE."—A children's ballad opera bearing this title, acted by children, and intended for the amusement of the young folks, was produced at the Avenue Theatre on Monday afternoon. Mr. Foster's story is simple and rustic, such a one indeed as will be sure to delight the rising generation, while the music—partly arranged from various old English melodies, and partly composed by Mr. John Fitzgerald—is excellently adapted for its purpose. The children have been trained by Mrs. John Fitzgerald, and among the most successful pieces of the afternoon were a comic trio in praise of tobacco, sung by three little people "made up" as old men, a dance and chorus of farm-hands, two lengthy ballets, a chorus of gipsies, a hornpipe danced by a child sailor, and a comical song by a village beadle. The child-players were on Monday necessarily very nervous. But that the entertainment was to the taste of the juveniles among the audience there could not be much doubt.

PROFESSOR STANFORD'S SONATA.—The new sonata in D minor by Dr. Villiers Stanford, written during a brief visit paid by the Cambridge Professor to Signor Piatti in Italy last autumn, was performed for the first time at the Popular Concert on Monday. It would perhaps have been better had the composer not attempted to play the pianoforte part himself. But at any rate the sonata shows as to its first and last movements a remarkable degree of technical ability, and the only section upon which a difference of opinion is at all likely is the slow movement. Yet, despite its daring freedom of form, we are inclined to consider this portion the most interesting of the work. In it the slow movement is twice broken by a sort of scherzo, once played *allegretto*, and afterwards in quicker time and in another rhythm, the double contrast being most effective. The violoncello part was played by Signor Piatti, who, with the composer, was called to the platform to bow to applause at the end of the performance.

LONDON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—The fourth season of the London Symphony Concerts was commenced last week. The programme comprised Brahms' first symphony, the *Egmont* overture, Bach's suite in D, and a Haydn symphony, all, of course, thoroughly familiar works, and played in unexceptional fashion by the orchestra which Mr. Henschel has collected. These concerts, given at a very moderate price of admission, should attract larger audiences than that which assembled at the first performance of the season.

CHORAL CONCERTS.—We last week briefly noticed the production, for the first time in London, at the Albert Hall of two of the principal Leeds novelties, to wit, Professor Villiers Stanford's *Voyage of Maeldune* and Dr. Hubert Parry's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*. Although in the vast space of the Albert Hall the delicate details of Dr. Stanford's orchestration could hardly be brought out, yet on the whole the performance was a fairly good one. Both the orchestra and chorus needed further rehearsals, but the duet and chorus of witches, and the beautiful description of the "Under Sea Isle," came out admirably. The broader strains of Dr. Parry's *Ode* were even better suited to so large a building, and the war-chorus and the unaccompanied part-song made a marked impression. Miss M'Intyre sang the soprano part in both works, and greatly increased her reputation. Mr. Barnby for once handed the *bâton* to the respective composers.—On Saturday an audience numbering nearly 4,000 persons assembled at the performance of *St. Paul* at the Crystal Palace. The chorus was reinforced by fifty boys, whose assistance in the chorales was very welcome. Mr. Manns conducted, and the principal parts were sung by Miss Anna Williams, Madame Mackenzie, and Messrs. Lloyd and Brereton.—A performance of *Judas Maccabæus* was given by the amateur choir and band of the Popular Musical Union at the People's Palace, Mile End, on Saturday. Nearly 5,000 persons attended.—On Monday night the Borough of Hackney Choir, under Mr. Prout, revived Spohr's *Fall of Babylon*, which had, it is said, not previously been heard in London since Spohr conducted it at the Sacred Harmonic Society's concert in July, 1847. Spohr's music is now by many people considered more or less out of date; but the beauties of *The Fall of Babylon*, and particularly of the second and finest part of the oratorio, were on Monday fully appreciated.

MADAME PATTI.—Madame Patti made on Monday night, at the Albert Hall, her last appearance prior to her departure for America. She was announced to sing three songs, to wit, the trio with two flutes from *L'Étoile du Nord*, the waltz from *Romeo and Juliet*, and, with Mr. Lloyd, the "Madrigal" duet from the same opera. She likewise sang for *encores* "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "Twas within a Mile," and "Home, Sweet Home," and also fairly delighted her audience by coming on to the platform during the usual interval and unexpectedly singing "Home, Sweet Home," of which she gave a most touching rendering. Madame Patti was assisted by Miss Gomez, Madame Sterling, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Heinrich, Miss Kuhé, and other artists; but Mr. Ganz, owing to the death of his daughter, was unable to appear, and was replaced as conductor by Mr. Randegger. Madame Patti will sail for the United States on the 26th inst. On her return, after two concerts for Mr. Kuhé, she will place the direction of her affairs in the hands of Messrs. Harrison, of Birmingham, by whom, we understand, she is henceforward to be paid at the extraordinary rate of 800*l.* per concert in London, and 500*l.* for a concert in the provinces. This is certainly the largest sum ever offered for a term of three years to any vocalist in this country.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—At the ninety-seventh Students' Concert, held on Thursday last week, one of the most striking features of the evening's performance was a really masterly rendering of Mendelssohn's difficult prelude and fugue for pianoforte in B minor by W. G. Spenser, a lad of thirteen. Miss Jane Hill sang with much feeling Taubert's "In a Distant Land," and Miss Chamberlain's fine voice was heard to great advantage in Gounod's "Entreat me not to leave thee." A special feature in the programme was the recitation of Lady Macbeth's invocation of the powers of darkness, excellently rendered by Miss Mabel Harrison, whose elocution was forcible, and her gestures appropriate. The closing item was Beethoven's quintet in E flat for piano and wind instruments, admirably given by the performers, four of whom were scholars of the College.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The Ballad Concerts commenced on Wednesday, when Mr. Boosey, in accordance with his custom at the first concert of the season, put forward a programme in which novelties were largely intermingled with some of the most popular ballads of his already extensive repertory. The artists engaged were Mesdames Mary Davies, Sterling, and Cole, Miss Gomez, Messrs. Lloyd, Piercy, Oswald, and Plunket Greene. Lady Hallé was the violinist, and Mr. Eaton Fanning's Select Choir assisted. Among the novelties announced were "Bantry Bay," by Mr. Molloy, "The Workaday World," by Mr. Stephen Adams,

"Stay, Darling, Stay," by Mr. Marzials, and "Love and Friendship," by Miss Hope Temple.—The Musical Artists' Society produced at their first concert on Saturday new chamber works by Messrs. Wesché and Haden and Miss Macirone.—The first of an interesting series of vocal recitals was given at Steinway Hall last Saturday by Madame Campbell-Perugini and Miss Mary Hutton.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Mr. Augustus Harris has secured the sole rights of performance, at either operas or concerts, in all Wagner's operas, with the exception of *Parsifal*.—It is expected that Mr. Cowen's new opera will be produced by the Carl Rosa Opera Company during the season which commences at Drury Lane on April 7th next.—The death is announced, at the age of forty-two, of Madame Maria Bevignani, wife of the well-known conductor, and niece of the late Mdlle. Titiens.—For the Norwich Festival, which commences on October 14th next, Mesdames Nordica, MacIntyre, Lehmann, and Marian Mackenzie, Messrs. Lloyd and Marsh, are engaged as chief artists. Mr. Hamish McCunn's cantata will be upon the subject of James Hogg's "Queen Hynde."—The Joint Committee of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music issued the syllabus for their provincial examinations on Monday. We printed brief details several weeks ago.—Dr. Niecks' biography of Chopin has secured the honour of a translation into German. The adaptation is from the pen of the celebrated Dr. Langhans, and the German version has just been issued at Leipsic.



THERE has been an unusual dearth of new plays of late, a circumstance which must be attributed to the exceptional prosperity of theatrical enterprise. Why think of a new bill, when the old bill is filling the house? Never probably have the cheering notices "Stalls full," "Pit full," been more often seen in November at our most popular theatres than they have this year. Important novelties, however, are in active preparation. Mr. Pinero's *Profligate* at the GARRICK has at last run its course, having scored, we believe, one hundred and twenty-six nights, besides a few *matinées*. Though not an exceptionally brilliant success, judged by the standard of these days of long runs, this may fairly be held to betoken that the playgoing public have no rooted antipathy to a play with a moral in it. In a few days *La Tosca*, with Mrs. Bernard-Beere in the part of the heroine, will take its place. The COMEDY Theatre re-opens to-night (Saturday) with a revival of the celebrated *Pink Dominoes*; while the LYRIC on the same evening reopens its doors with Messrs. Stephens and Solomon's new comedy-opera *The Red Hussar*. Meanwhile the ROYALTY—of which we shall have occasion to speak again—has reopened with the new musical burlesque of *The Corsican Brothers*, by Mr. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. Walter Slaughter, in which Mr. Arthur Roberts is the leading spirit; while, before the end of next week, both the VAUDEVILLE and the NOVELTY—both closed for some time past—will once more open their doors. Mr. Thomas Thorne, however, postpones for awhile the production of Mr. Buchanan's version of Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*, and contents himself with resuming the performances of *Joseph's Sweetheart*. The new management of the Novelty will be interesting at least for an attempt to bring down the prices of admission to about one half the rates customary at West End houses. The adventurous innovator is a Mr. George Turner, who will begin his reign on Saturday, the 30th inst. with a play entitled, *The Spy; a Story of the American Rebellion*. To these houses about to reopen must be added the PRINCESS'S, where, under the direction of the new syndicate, Mr. Brandon Thomas's new romantic drama, entitled *The Gold Craze*, will be produced on Thursday next.

The "Souvenir of the *Dead Heart*," which Mr. Irving has prepared, and which has been published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., promises to be very popular among frequenters of the LYCEUM, where it has been in brisk demand since Saturday last. The portraits in character of Mr. Irving and Miss E. Terry, and the sketches of leading situations which Mr. Bernard Partridge has contributed, with the aid of the scenic artists, are thirteen in number. *Adieu omen!*

In the home of the "new journalism" dramatic criticism appears to follow distinguished actresses into the very recesses of their dressing-rooms. Some one having said that the celebrated American actress Miss Clara Morris was enabled in the third act of a new drama called *Helene* "to bring into play her magnificent power of portraying intense suffering," an eminent New York critic observes that "the intense suffering of Clara Morris has long been extended to the public, who have to endure her long waits between the acts without being invited to join her in taking her usual restoratives."

Under the special patronage of the Savage Club, in conjunction with the Lyric and the Crichton, Mr. Odell, the well-known actor, is to give a "Bohemian Concert" at PRINCE'S HALL, Piccadilly, on the evening of Tuesday, December 10th. Numerous fellow-actors have undertaken to show their regard for Mr. Odell by giving their services on the occasion, and an influential Committee, with the Duke of Beaufort as Chairman, has been formed for the purpose of carrying out the arrangements. The Hon. Secretaries are Mr. W. E. Chapman and Mr. Victor Collins, of the Savage Club.

Miss Loie Fuller is recovering from her serious indisposition, but will not reappear at the GLOBE, where Mr. Benson is about to commence his reign.

As we suggested last week, there proves to be no truth whatever in the statement that Mr. Irving is about to produce *As You Like It*.

The death of Mr. E. D. Ward while on a professional tour creates all the deeper impression from its following so soon upon the death, under similar circumstances, of Mr. George Stone. Both were young actors of decided talent, and something more than brilliant promise. Mr. Ward is well remembered as playing in comedies and burlesques at TOOLE'S Theatre. He had since taken very successfully to comic opera. Mr. Ward married a few years ago that pleasing young actress Miss Effie Liston.

London, if we may trust a note that we have received from New York, will shortly have an opportunity of seeing a new play which has created a sensation in America. It is called *The Old Homestead*, and treats in the main of rural life in New England.

There will, it appears, be a Shakespearian procession in both of the two most important pantomimes at Christmas. Like the critic Dennis, when he fancied he recognised his thunder, Mr. Augustus Harris at Drury Lane, spying plagiarism, has remonstrated with his brother, Mr. Charles Harris, at Her Majesty's. Both these gentlemen, however, are under the impression that their projects have been copied. The public, meanwhile, look on unmoved. Perhaps they think that two Shakespearian processions, like two heads, are better than one.

It was a graceful act on the part of Miss Florence St. John, who is suffering from serious illness, to give up the complimentary benefit intended for herself in favour of the widow and child of the late Mr. George Stone. A brilliant and attractive programme, comprising a large array of talent, has been organised by Mr. George

Edwardes, and the performance will take place at the GAIETY on the afternoon of Tuesday next.

Mr. Pinero has been unanimously elected an Honorary Member of the Footlights Dramatic Club, of which Mr. Oscar Browning is the President.



THE TURF.—There is but little racing news of importance, and to-day (Saturday) the season winds up with the November Handicap at Manchester, for which, at the time of writing, Lady Rosebery was favourite at 7 to 1, with Mercy and Amphion next in demand.—The new Rules of the Grand National Hunt, which are to come into force at the beginning of the New Year, were published last week.—Kirkham and Narellan, the Hon. J. White's Australian candidates, have been backed (coupled) for the Derby, at the rate of 20 to 1.—Old Coin won a couple of races at Northampton last week, Rotten Row took the St. Crispin Nursery Handicap, and Miss Dollar the Naseby Handicap Plate. The Rothschild Plate, though there were only three runners, produced two very exciting struggles. At the first time of asking Lord Penrhyn's Far Niente and Mr. J. Hammond's Enamel made a dead heat of it. His lordship would not divide, and was rewarded for his pluck, for in the deciding heat Far Niente won very cleverly by a neck.—At Warwick, on Monday, the Town Plate fell to Harpagon, and the Stratford Welter Plate to Orthodox. Next day Freemason won the Midland Counties' Handicap Plate, and Monteagle the Grendon Nursery Handicap Plate; while on Wednesday the Welter Handicap Plate fell to Padua, and the Mile Maiden Plate to Juggler.

BOXING.—The defeat of Smith by Jackson at the Pelican Club last week has had several consequences. First of all, in the manner customary nowadays, the winner and loser were engaged for several nights to spar three rounds at the Aquarium—a performance characterised, also as usual, by the clamorous desires of the audience that the pugilists should damage one another, and the obstinate refusal on the part of the said pugilists to do anything of the kind. Secondly, the stakes in the forthcoming match between Smith and Slavin have been raised to 500*l*, regarding which operation we can only say that, provided all is fair and square, we would sooner be Slavin's backer than Smith's. Thirdly and lastly Sullivan, who is in very low water just now, has overcome his repugnance to fighting a "nigger," and wants to challenge Jackson for the modest trifle of 20,000 dollars a side. It is needless to add that the match is likely to come off—on the Greek Kalends.—Mr. Ben Hyams was going to hold a Boxing Tournament at the Agricultural Hall on this (Saturday) and following evenings. Accordingly he applied to the Commissioner of Police for some constables to preserve order, he, of course, defraying the expense. Mr. Monro refused the request, and consequently the Tournament has been abandoned. This certainly seems rather illogical conduct on the part of the Commissioner. Boxing is not illegal, and, if it is to be properly conducted, the first necessity is that the proper guardians of the peace should be provided for the maintenance of order.

FOOTBALL.—The Prestonians have enjoyed chequered fortunes since we last wrote. On Saturday they dispossessed Everton from the headship of the League, but on Monday, despite the addition to their team of a new amateur forward, Mr. F. J. S. Gray, they could make no sort of show at Richmond against the powerful team of Corinthians opposed to them, and were beaten pointlessly by five goals to none—a result greatly due to the magnificent defence of the brothers Walters, who always upset the Northerners' combination. The Corinthians had previously beaten Sheffield at the Oval. Both Universities have been busy since we last wrote. Oxford has beaten Mr. N. L. Jackson's Eleven, and Old Harrovians (the latter by thirteen goals to none); Cambridge has accounted for Chatham and Clapton. To-day (Saturday), Oxford and Cambridge (combined) meet London at the Queen's Club, West Kensington. If the Londoners play as advertised, they should just win.—The Salford (Rugby) team has been touring down South, and played drawn games with the Old Leysians and Middlesex Wanderers. On Saturday, Cambridge University defeated Richmond, and, after a magnificent match, Blackheath (though minus Stoddart) just beat Oxford by a dropped goal to nothing. On Tuesday, however, the Dark Blues revenged themselves on Burton-on-Trent. The Combined Universities' team was beaten last week by London, aided by the rest of the South and the Midlands.

BILLIARDS.—Roberts won all his matches against Mitchell last week. This week he is giving Dowland 6,000 in 12,000, and, if the latter were to show the form he did at the earlier part of the season, should have his work cut out for him. On Tuesday the champion made a break of 526.—McNeill, who was easily defeated at the Aquarium last week by Peall (the winner made a break of 429, his best spot-barred compilation at present), is this week tackling Taylor on even terms.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Samson" finished his engagement at the Aquarium last week, and was last (Friday) night to start a fresh one at the Albert Palace. Meanwhile, on Monday last he was among the spectators who witnessed Sandow's first performance at the Alhambra. The Pomeranian Hercules and his trainer, "Attila," did wonders (if the weights given are accurate) in the way of manipulating heavy dumb-bells, but it must be confessed that the performance was somewhat monotonous.—At the Altcar Coursing Meeting last week, Sir R. Jardine was in luck's way. He took the Croxteth Stakes with Gladiola, and the Club Cup with that sterling performer, Glenogle.—Magdalen beat Brasenose in the final heat of the Coxswainless Fours at Oxford. The Trial Eights are in the full swing. Oxford has two; Cambridge finds herself unable to do with less than three, so great is the wealth of Light Blue rowing talent.

ANOTHER RASH ATTEMPT to swim Niagara Rapids is to be made by a British athlete, who has just started from England.

A SPLENDID NEW ORGAN of colossal size is to be placed in St. Peter's at Rome. The Pope has commissioned M. Gounod to write a fresh "Messe Solennelle" for the inauguration of the organ, when the music will be sung by a choir of 4,000 voices.

ANOTHER AFRICAN EXPLORER has perished through treachery. M. Camille Douls, the French traveller, has lately been exploring in the Sahara, disguised as a Mohammedan. He was well versed in the religious ceremonies and the language, but the secret seems to have leaked out, and he was strangled in the desert by his two Tuareg guides, just as he was sitting down by a well to rest.

VERDI'S JUBILEE as an operatic composer was enthusiastically celebrated throughout Italy on Sunday. Fifty years before, his first opera was produced at the Milan Scala, *Otello* di San Bonifazio. Concerts and representations of Verdi's works were held in the chief Italian theatres, but the composer himself refused to be present at any of the commemorations, and stayed quietly at his villa, San Agata, at Busseto, where he received innumerable letters, telegrams, and floral offerings.



AN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY IN EDINBURGH is now proposed. The line would run between Edinburgh and Leith.

M. ÉMILE ZOLA begins to weary of novel-writing, and wishes to devote himself to dramatic composition. Accordingly he will wind up his elaborate family history of the Rougon-Macquart race with three concluding volumes—"Money," "War," and a final work, whose title is not yet chosen.

THE EARLIEST TRACES OF MAN ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT have just been discovered in a railway cutting at Trenton, New Jersey. Buried under twelve feet of pre-glacial gravel, the excavators came upon some curious specimens, which experts pronounce to be palæoliths of argillite, characteristic of the earliest human efforts to form sharp edges in stone.

A BALLOON TRIP ACROSS THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR will shortly be attempted by General Brine. Accompanied by two members of the Balloon Society, the General has started for Gibraltar, taking with him two balloons of 30,000 and 40,000 cubic feet capacity. He will make several ascents to determine the air-currents existing at high altitudes between Europe and Africa.

THERE ARE A GOOD MANY of the "Noble Six Hundred" still surviving. One of them was found in America a few months ago, and it seems that another is now living in South Africa. Mr. E. Kelly joined the 17th Lancers on Coronation Day, 1838, and served with it for more than seventeen years as a trumpeter. He was present at the battles of the Alma, Inkerman, and Balaclava, and was wounded during the charge into the "jaws of death." He is now Postmaster of Lady Frere, Cape Colony.

AN EXCITING WHALE-HUNT took place in the Orkneys on Saturday. Some 180 bottlenosed whales appeared in String Sound, and were chased into Inganess Bay by a host of small boats, which finally drove their quarry ashore near Barns, Tankerness, after one of the whales had wrecked a boat in its struggles. The fishermen sprang into the sea as the creatures grounded, and stabbed them with lances and long knives, producing a most ghastly scene, while the unfortunate whales trying to escape lashed the water into foam.

THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION SCHEME is again enthusiastically discussed in the Australian Colonies, and the Antarctic Exploration Committee at Melbourne are considering a proposition from a Norwegian whaling-captain, which they are inclined to think feasible. Captain Svend Foyn offers to carry out the trip if the Committee will provide him with two steamers, and 12,000*l*. towards expenses. He proposes to make the expedition lucrative by bringing back a cargo of spermaceti oil, besides the required geographical and scientific information.

THE NEW BRAZILIAN REPUBLIC has already chosen a fresh flag to replace the Imperial Standard with its crown and coffee-leaf. The Republican flag is modelled on the national ensign of the United States, and displays green and gold stripes on a blue field emblazoned with nineteen stars. Other Republican emblems have been preparing in Paris for some time past, as large parcels of small flags surmounted by the Phryg'ian bonnet have been sent to Brazil. One of these new flags was hoisted in Paris on Sunday over the house of a Brazilian resident.

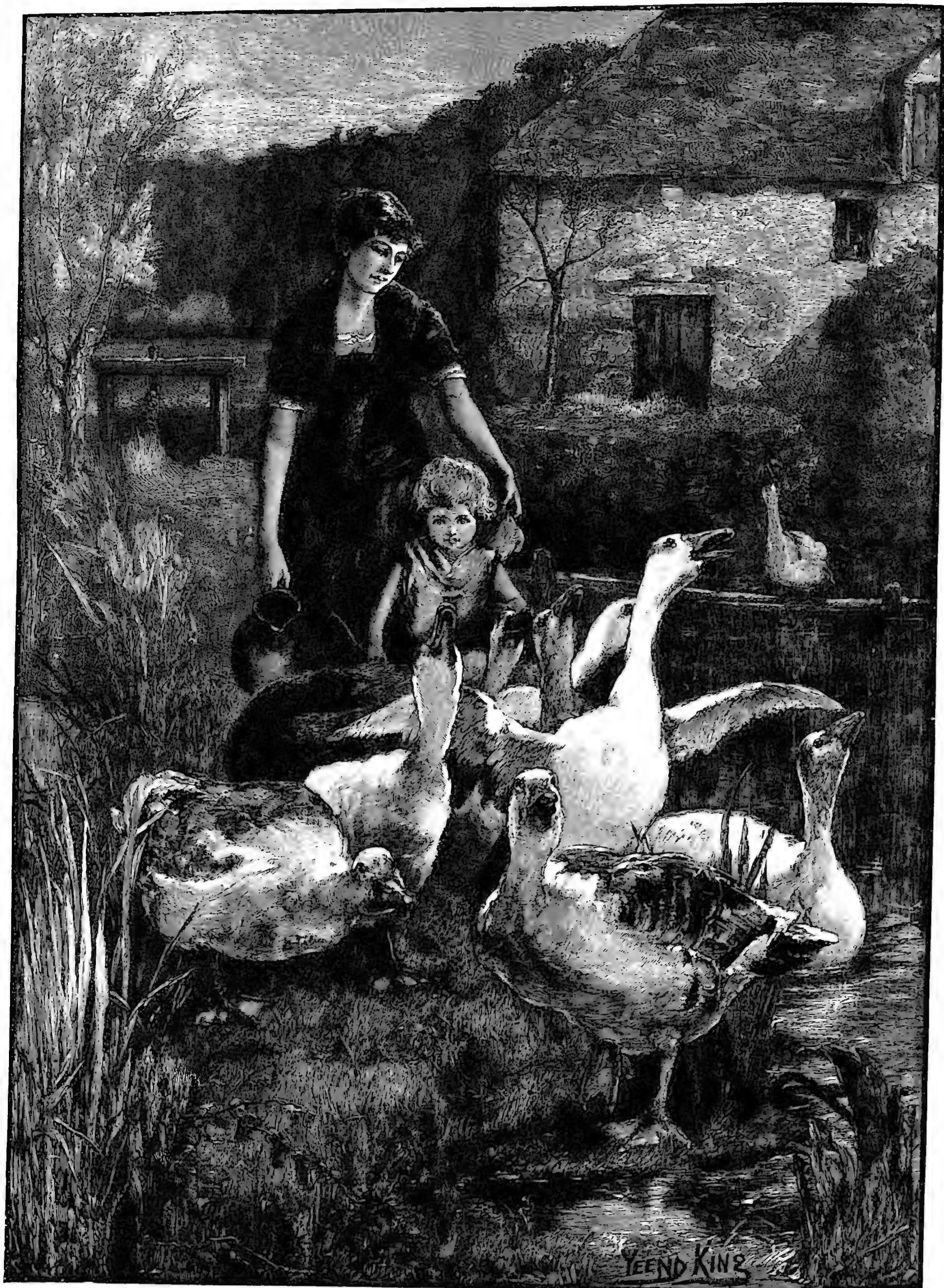
THE FATE OF THE PANAMA CANAL is to be decided by a committee of five engineering experts, who start for the Isthmus on December 10th. Four of the party are French, and the remaining engineer is Belgian, and their business is to investigate thoroughly every detail of the work already completed, besides surveying the portion still unfinished, and weighing the chances of a successful issue. If they come to the conclusion that the prospects are hopeless, all work will be abandoned at once, but, if they think favourably, more money will be gathered together, and the Canal carried on briskly.

SPRING FLOWERS will be unusually plentiful in London at Christmas, owing to the mild season. The Scilly Isles usually contribute some of the first spring blooms, and as no gales have visited the islands this autumn their crop will be two months earlier than usual, providing the London market with narcissus and similar blossoms in time for Christmas decorations. In Kent, near Sittingbourne, violets are blossoming in the open air, cherry-trees budding, and a field of poppies is in full bloom. The warm weather deceives the birds as well as the flowers, for a newly-built yellow-hammer's nest, containing three eggs, has been found in a Northampton garden. Bats have also been seen at Norwood, waking up from their winter hybernation, and glowworms are about.

A CURIOUS EMIGRATION SWINDLE has been exposed in Galicia. For ten years past various agencies on the frontiers of Germany, Austria, and Hungary have been persuading people to emigrate by gorgeous promises, and extorting considerable sums of money for passage, &c. They especially victimised deserters from the army, whom they threatened to hand over to the authorities. Many of the dupes were ignorant peasants, who bought passports and outfits from the swindlers, and paid for a telegram, sent in their presence, to the "Emperor of America" to ask whether His Majesty would receive them. Nearly 13,000 emigrants were despatched, till at last suspicion was aroused, and the plot came out. Now sixty-five persons are being tried for swindling, many of the accused being Government officials. There are 377 witnesses against them, besides a mass of official documents, so the trial at Wadowice will last several weeks.

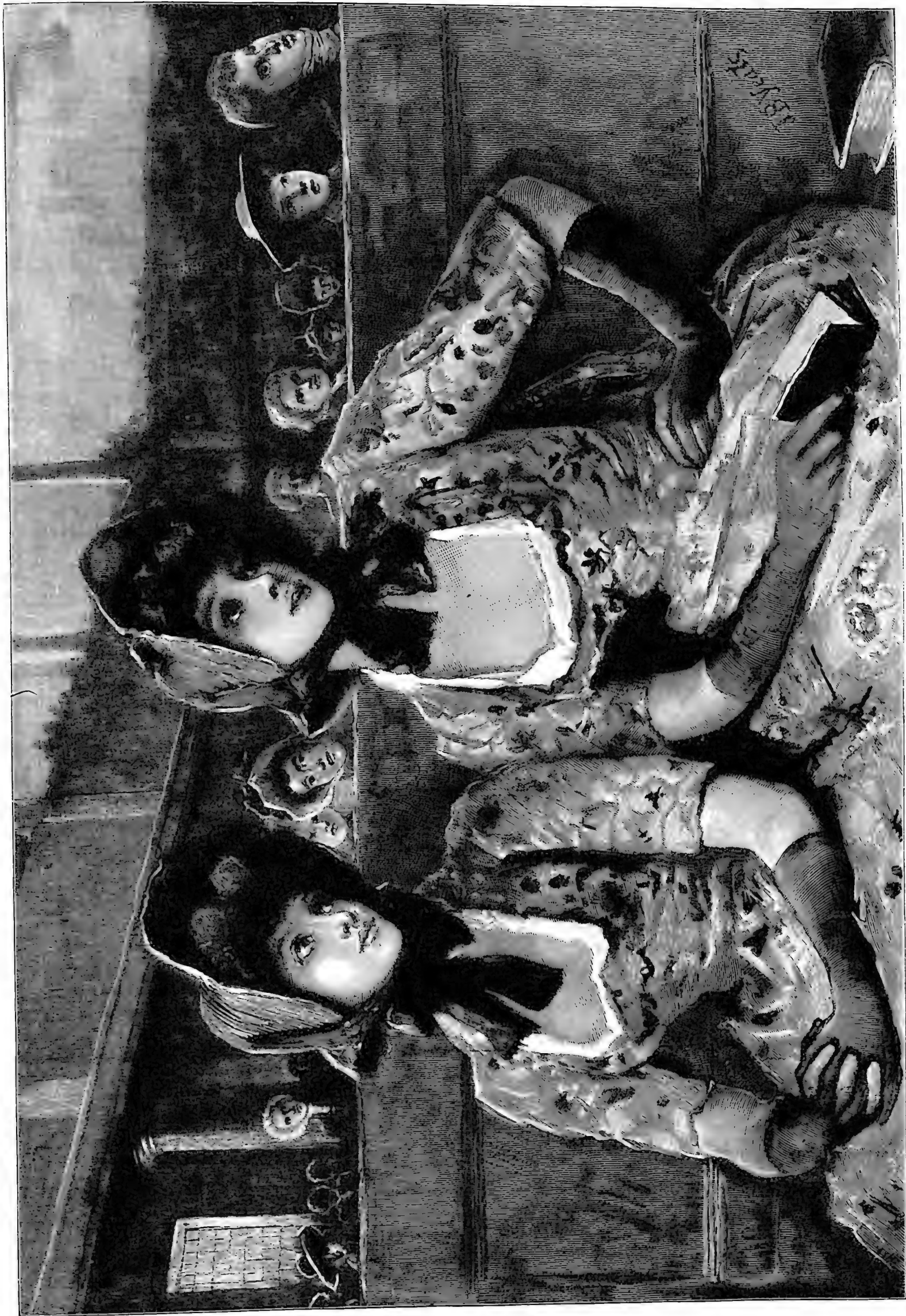
THE MARRIAGEABLE PRINCES AND PRINCESSES OF EUROPE are still numerous, notwithstanding the frequent Royal weddings of late. To take only the heirs to thrones or to Grand Duchies, there are seventeen Princes available. Two belong to the Orthodox faith—the Czarevitch and the Crown Prince of Montenegro; ten are Roman Catholics, including the direct heirs to the Crowns of Italy and Roumania, the presumptive heirs to the thrones of Austria, Belgium, Bavaria, and Saxony, and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria; and five are Protestants, such as our own Prince Albert Victor, Prince Christian of Denmark, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse. These last can choose from about fourteen Protestant Princesses, the Roman Catholics have a choice of some twenty young ladies of their own religion, while only two Princesses of the Greek Church are forthcoming—the daughters of the Prince of Montenegro.

LONDON MORTALITY continues to increase. The deaths last week numbered 1,451, against 1,350 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 101, but 238 below the average, while the death-rate advanced to 17.4 per 1,000. Scarlet-fever shows little signs of diminution, for the London hospitals on Saturday contained 1,597 patients, although the fatalities were only 24 (an increase of 1), and 30 below the average. Diphtheria is also high, for the fatal cases advanced to 38 (a rise of 15) and exceeded the usual return by 1.4. There were 37 deaths from whooping-cough (an increase of 13) 33 from measles (an advance of 13), 20 from enteric-fever (a rise of 9), 16 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 1), and 1 from typhus. Fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs increased to 321 (a rise of 3), but were 107 below the average, while different forms of violence caused 65 deaths. There were 2,522 births registered, a decrease of 137, and 289 under the usual return.



"OBSTRUCTIONISTS"

FROM THE PICTURE BY YEEND KING, EXHIBITED IN "THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY OF ANIMAL PAINTINGS



LISTENING TO A SERMON IN THE OLDEN TIME

BIRDS' FOOD-SUPPLY IN WINTER

INSECTS, and many other kinds of animals, lay up winter stores of food; but no species of bird does so. The burden of care for the future is not laid upon them. Their power of flight enabling them to migrate when food becomes scarce, seems, at first sight, to preclude all fear of their suffering from want; yet their very migration shows more clearly the wonderful balance of nature. Birds' powers of flight are limited, yet the total available supply of food never seems to fail. Suppose England were frost-bound when the great flocks of redwings and fieldfares from Norway reached it; or Holland covered with snow when the countless flocks of chaffinches arrive, the destruction of bird-life would be frightful, for the tired and hungry birds would not have strength to go further. Yet these disasters never seem to occur. A few weakly stragglers from the great flocks perish of cold and hunger, but the rest are fed. Let us glance at some of the ways in which their food is provided; and, to avoid taking too wide a survey, confine ourselves to our well-known soft-billed birds—blackbirds, thrushes, and their relatives. Starlings, too, though not of the same family, resemble them sufficiently in habits to come under our review.

All through the spring and summer food for them and their young is abundant. Larvæ of all kinds, worms, and snails are eagerly sought for and carried to their nests. As soon as the meadows are mown, the young thrushes and starlings move to them and revel in the numberless insects to be found there. Then come the feasts in the cherry-orchards and currant-gardens, when blackbird, thrush, and starling arrive to claim their share of the fruit which is, indeed, largely due to the care birds take to keep our gardens free from insects.

But the gardener rarely allows their claim. Guns and nets protect the cultivated fruit, no man, however, refuses them the wild. And were it not for the bountiful provision of the English woods it would be hard for the whole thrush tribe to live throughout the winter. As September closes, and the early frosts diminish the supply of insect-life, the influx of birds from the North begins. During October, thousands of redwings and fieldfares cross to our shores from Norway and Sweden. Quantities of blackbirds, missel-thrushes, and song-thrushes move southwards from the more northern parts of our islands. All these visitors must be fed as well as those birds that have remained with us during the summer. So long as the weather continues mild and open there is plenty for all. The plough is at work, and acres of fresh-turned earth disclose quantities of worms and larvæ of insects. Flocks of fieldfares may be seen diligently hunting the arable land, hopping from clod to clod and occasionally uttering their curious chatter. But when snow has covered the land, or a black frost sealed it against even the rooks' strong bills, all the *Merulide* would suffer but for the supply of food that the berries of the trees and bushes give. Among the first to ripen are the berries of the elder and mountain-ash. Many birds delight in the scarlet clusters of the rowan-tree, and almost as soon as they are ripe the trees are crowded with visitors. Indeed, in the south of England, where it is not a very common tree, hardly a berry is left by the time the foreign birds arrive. Farther north, there are far more than our native birds can consume, and plenty are left for the redwings and fieldfares. The latter grow quite fat on them, and are then such excellent eating that many are killed for the table. In Holland and Belgium these berries are gathered and carefully stored, to be used throughout the winter for enticing birds to the horsehair snares set in the coppice wood.

Starlings seem fonder of elderberries than any other of our birds. In some country districts, where elderberry wine is still largely made, there is a race between the birds and the housekeeper which shall have the larger share of the black juicy fruit; but generally the starlings may come in flocks to the bushes and sing and chatter in their merry way while eating without being molested. No bird seems to have so keen an appreciation of the pleasures of life as the starling. Though a very sociable bird, he is of opinion that home life must not be shared with any but his mate and children. As soon, however, as the latter are strong on the wing he seeks society, and such a thing as a solitary starling is rarely seen between July and March. From the first warm days of spring, when the cock birds select the topmost bough of a poplar, and all utter their odd merry song at once, to the short dark afternoons of December, when the flocks find time to congregate for a few minutes in some tree, before departing to roost in the reed beds, and there whistle, chatter, and gurgle like some distant and musical steam-engine, the starling shows us he is happy.

The berries of the yew are the favourites with the missel-thrush; the strongest and most pugnacious of all the *Merulide*. When a pair of these birds has taken possession of a yew tree they do not allow blackbird or thrush to set foot on it. They also feed largely on ivy berries. Though they derive their name from the misseltoe, those white sticky berries are not common enough in England to form any large portion of their winter food. The haw, the berry of white thorn or may, seems most prized in those countries where it is rarest. In the East of England hedges may be seen still red with berries long after snow has covered the ground. On the chalk hills of the South the scattered thorn bushes are constantly visited by birds so long as a berry remains on them. Redwings and fieldfares seem to be fonder of haws than our native birds.

Sometimes during prolonged frosts birds suffer considerably, but generally more from the cold than want of food; or perhaps it is the two combined that prove fatal. The writer can remember one winter in Devonshire when the cold was remarkably severe for that mild climate. About three inches of snow covered the fields, and the ice was strong enough for a few days' skating. Still, the cold was not really severe; yet starlings, blackbirds, and thrushes were dying by scores, while larks and chaffinches could almost be taken in the hand. Apparently the birds had moved southwards under stress of weather, and now, when almost at their furthest limit, had again encountered frost and snow. Food was not scarce, had they had the strength to search for it; but they seemed to die of cold during the night. Redwings were the first to suffer: though breeding so far north, they are the most delicate of the tribe. Our native song-thrush is the next of the *Merulide* to feel cold—excepting, of course, the ring-ousel, who is only a summer visitor, and quits England before winter sets in.

Many ladies feed wild birds regularly throughout the winter. Saucy sparrows, chaffinches, and greenfinches flock down to the crumbs and grain scattered outside the breakfast-room window. Robins and hedge-sparrows will come too, hoping to find something suited to their softer bills. But rarely do ladies remember that they require meat to supply the place of the insect diet that is now so hard for them to obtain. A few morsels of this and some cooked vegetables would indeed be a bounty to many a hungry robin. Blackbirds and thrushes, when snow has fallen, need help still more. There is nothing they delight in so much as half-rotten apples. A sound one is almost too hard for their bills, but one slightly decayed they revel in. It is pleasant to see the way in which from a neighbouring yew tree a blackbird spies an apple half-buried in the snow. Down he comes at once, and after looking round to see that the coast is clear, he begins to feast on it till another sees him, and comes to claim a share. Then there is frequently a battle, for the blackbird is not peaceful.

The most amusing birds to feed are tits. They are very hardy, and do not require help so much as blackbirds and thrushes; but if anything they like is regularly placed near the trees they hunt for grubs, they soon find it out. Suet is a favourite dainty. If a

piece of this is hung in a net they will come in numbers. Very pretty do they look clinging to the net and pecking at the suet as they swing to and fro. Only those who have fed birds throughout the year know how wonderfully tame they will become.

The writer knew two ladies who had each a number of pensioners that came both summer and winter for their daily food. Tits, and all the commoner birds, nuthatches, and occasionally a kingfisher and red-backed shrike might be seen there. Food of many kinds was placed on a shelf by the window twice a day, and instantly birds of all kinds flew down to share it.

Perhaps some of the readers of this article will, when snow falls, think of our thrushes, the sweetest of the songsters that live all the year with us, and spare a few apples and vegetables for them and the blackbirds. It is a charity in which there is no fear of pauperising or of disturbing the mysterious balance of nature.

The country people still foretell a severe or mild winter by the abundance or scarcity of berries in autumn. They say that a hard winter never comes if food for the birds is scarce. The man who "lives by the land," to use his own phrase, is so accustomed to see God's hand all around him that it does not appear strange to him that special provision should be made for the fowls of the air.

J. G. C.

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA

WAS founded in the year 1875 at Kingston, Ontario, one of the oldest and healthiest cities in Canada, with some 17,000 inhabitants, situated on the Catarqui River, at the head of Lake Ontario, connected with Ottawa by the Rideau Canal, and having in every respect excellent railway and water communication. The College was opened in June, 1876, with a class of eighteen cadets and a staff consisting of a Commandant, a Captain of Cadets, and three Professors.

The only available building at first was the old Naval Barrack at Point Frederick, now used as a dormitory. The present college building was completed in the summer of 1878; new batches of cadets were at first admitted every six months, and by June, 1878, when those who originally joined completed their course, the number had increased to about ninety. The Staff had in the meanwhile been gradually added to, and is now complete with a Commandant (Major-General D. R. Cameron, R.A., C.M.G.), ten Professors, three Instructors, Staff-Adjutant, Medical Officer, and Paymaster, &c.

The total number of cadets approved for admission to the present date is about 250. Of these 235 actually joined. The number who have graduated is 135.

The number of cadets who have, so far, been gazetted to commissions in the Imperial Army, between the Cavalry, Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, and Infantry services, is sixty-nine.

In addition to these ex-cadets have been appointed to Commissions in the Mounted Police of Canada, the Schools of Artillery, Schools of Infantry, and to the Staff of the Royal Military College.

Of the cadets who have not obtained military employment, the greater portion have become civil engineers, and the services of these gentlemen have been much sought after, and very highly valued, not only in Canada, but in the United States also.

Two of the graduates are employed on the Hydrographical Survey of the Canadian Lakes, three on the Geological Survey, and about seven in other Government Departments.

About thirty cadets took part in the suppression of the Rebellion in the North-West Territories of Canada in 1885.

The present strength of the cadets is about eighty-five, and this may be expected to increase, as some twenty-four may be admitted every year.

The age of admission is over fifteen and under eighteen years on the 1st of January preceding the entrance examination, which takes place annually in the month of June.

The College course, being a four years' one, allows ample time not only for a thorough military training, but also for the study of Civil Engineering, Civil Surveying, Physics, Practical Chemistry, and other subjects which are naturally of great use to cadets in civil life, the course comprising Military Drills, both Infantry, Artillery, and Engineer; Signalling, Fencing, Riding, Tactics, Strategy, Military Administration and Law, Fortification and Military Engineering, Mathematics and Mechanism, Astronomy, Geology and Mineralogy, Chemistry and Electricity, &c.

The College possesses a small observatory, and a most valuable assortment of surveying instruments, a most complete chemical laboratory, physical apparatus of almost every description, and a good selection of drawing and other models.

All this has been gradually built up, and, needless to say, at great expense to the Dominion. But the growth of the college in public estimation warrants the expenditure, and it is an institution of which Canada may well feel proud; in fact, its success has been so noted that it seems likely a similar college will shortly be started in Australia.

Would space admit, much more might be said in justice to the Royal Military College of Canada, tending, as it does, to "develop a true and loyal spirit towards the Mother Country among her distant North American subjects."—The foregoing description is written by Mr. Arthur W. Reynolds, Assistant-Secretary to the High Commissioner for Canada. Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. A. E. Pauet, Royal Military College, Kingston, Canada.

THE RAVEN

THE trials made from time to time in Germany with ravens as "carriers" give new interest to a family of birds which, sad to say, haunt their old British breeding-places in ever-diminishing numbers. As we are reminded by a recent incident, English pigeon-fanciers have too often to regret the loss of a valuable homing bird by the attack of some of the hawk tribe; and when we remember what a dainty morsel a well-fed pigeon is, it is not surprising that it should be thus subject to pursuit upon its long and lonely flights. The number of our *falconide* is not, however, to be compared with that of the more powerful birds of prey which make pigeon-flying especially risky on the Continent; and the attempts made to train the raven to postal duties abroad are watched, therefore, with considerable interest. The raven must be so much less desirable, from an edible point of view, than the toughest of grain-fed birds, that *his* immunity from attack is easily to be accounted for. Moreover, the "black prince" of the air is not to be lightly molested, for "his armour is solid, his spirit unconquerable, and his strength surprising." Ravens have so strong an attachment to their birthplace that, under judicious training, their homing instinct is not unlikely to attain a high degree of development. At the present stage, however, about fifty miles seems to be the limit which their "way-finding" faculties enable them to traverse with certainty.

But it is as a domesticated creature—an established member of the home circle—that the raven chiefly appeals to his English admirers. The real raven is infinitely more interesting than are most of the fictions, romantic or grotesque, to which he has given rise. He is by nature extremely shy; but, when once thoroughly "at home," no bird better repays study, or more readily responds to friendly overtures. His habits and faculties seem to meet human characteristics at more points than do those of other fowl. He is extremely matter-of-fact. There is a general expression—an air of sedate assurance—about him, which in another bird we should call

"knowing," but which in the raven seems to arise from the very fact of knowledge. The jackdaw is merely pert; but the raven is solemn from the gravity of conviction. Of course, no bird is as wise as the owl looks. There is a judicial air about him, as of a legal luminary pondering the doubtful points of a "judgment reserved." But there is no such weakness as hesitation about the raven. Admit him to practice before a full bench of presiding owls, and he would never be at a loss for an argument. In such a position the quality of his voice might be a little against him, notwithstanding Goldsmith's assurance that the raven "sings with great distinctness, truth, and humour." Of humour, indeed, he has a full share; and, assuming that he had contrived to "smash a verdict" under the conditions imagined, he would most certainly retire from the Court to chuckle over it.

Nor is the intelligence of the raven a whit less than his humour. The quaint and half-assumed air of unconcern with which he seems to regard your first advances never prevents his speculating upon their object. Watch him a little, and you will soon see what an excellent, if ungainly, comedian he is. He has been called a thief, but it is an unworthy libel. He does, in fact, occasionally assume a temporary trusteeship over the unconsidered trifles of careless people. But he has no felonious intentions, and he often makes restitution of various goods and chattels long after they have been given up by their owners as lost. Perhaps he has something in common with the good folks who pay "conscience money." At all events there never was a raven that had not his distinct personal peculiarities. And there never was the owner of a raven who did not think his raven more personally peculiar than anybody else's.

"Times are so changed for the worse," wrote Waterton early in the century, "that I despair ever seeing a wild raven again in any of our woods." The kindly naturalist was referring to the country about his pleasant Yorkshire domain, but it is unhappily now true of nearly the whole of England. In a few secluded districts a pair or two of ravens may sometimes still be heard of; but too good reason have they to dread the wretched "shot gun," which, in wanton hands, is sure to signal their approach to the neighbourhood of town or village. Fifty years ago, they were often to be seen in Norfolk (always a great bird county) and Yorkshire; but even then they had begun to withdraw from the woods, and to resort to the more inaccessible headlands of the coast. Their very rarity has tended to keep alive the feelings of superstitious misgiving which they have immemorially inspired, and the folk-lore of the raven is perhaps more extensive than that which surrounds any other winged creature. In vain do naturalists explain the instincts and habits on which much of it is founded. Most people are now ready to admit—

That ravens—though, as birds of omen,
They teach both conjurers and old women
To tell us what is to befall—
Can't prophesy themselves at all.

But let any one attempt to convince some ancient inhabitant of a north-country hamlet that the "crooping black corbie" is not a harbinger of ill, and he will speedily realise the futility of his endeavour.

After all, the respect and dread entertained for the raven are not difficult to account for. He is known throughout Europe (not to speak of other continents), and he came down to the Middle Ages with all his mythological honours thick upon him. His reputation for living to an extreme old age added greatly to the mysterious influence which he formerly held over gentle and simple alike. Even in the seventeenth century the French writer, Boursault, compiled a table of the comparative ages attained by various birds and animals, all of which were completely out-distanced by the raven. In addition to his reputation for age, wisdom, and mystical powers as a bird of omen, the raven's fine proportions and venerable appearance must not be lost sight of in seeking the reasons for his undoubted eminence. His fondness for carrion is indisputable, but he only strikes at life under exceptional pressure. In this respect, indeed, the raven is by no means as black as he is painted. But his "sable robe and solemn croak," even his uncouth gait and immense power on the wing, as well as the curiously harsh modulations of his voice, are all singularly impressive; and among the Greeks, Romans, and Arabs the raven enjoyed a position of positive dignity.

A full account of the still-existing superstitions concerning this patriarchal bird would fill a volume. Old country-folks keep a firm hold of the teachings of their childhood; and there is no gaining the sagacious head-shake and the solid tone of satisfied conviction with which modern notions are combatted. The really odd thing about the natural history of the raven is the complete reversal which it affects of all the fanciful adornments of preceding ages. He is not in the least a bird of doom. His solemnity relaxes on small provocation, and he is much fonder of fun than of prophecy. According to an Arthurian myth, the soul of the "flower of kings" passed into a raven; probably one of the "many-wintered" crows that even then dwelt about the beetling cliffs of Tintagel. This may, perhaps, be accounted the apotheosis of the raven as a creature of mystery.

No sooner, however, does this ungainly fowl condescend to the level of everyday life, than the legendary interest attaching to him is lost in our wonder at his shrewd practical sense and business-like demeanour. Here and there an individual of irregular habits may undoubtedly be found—a white raven, so to speak, among his fellows—who, like Dickens's well-known acquaintance, is ever ready to re-point a brick wall, or make away with a wooden staircase. But education has done something for the raven since then. He can be made to "retrieve" very fairly, and he possesses a capacity for friendship, and a teachableness of no common order. The attachment of ravens to a particular locality is shown by the fact that a pair have for some years past built their nest, and successfully hatched their brood, upon a ledge of the cliffs on an Ayrshire estate facing the sea. They generally breed very early in the year, but this must be regarded as an exceptional instance, as these birds have invariably built in the month of December. They have, no doubt, recognised a desire to respect their confidence on the part of the owner of the estate and those under his control.

C. W.

DRIVING BOTTLE-NOSES

AMONG the accidental forms of sport which the autumnal tourist may occasionally see on the British seas, there is not one which is more picturesque and exciting than that of driving whales. It occurs so much seldomer now than used to be the case, however, as to suggest an inference that the great mammals of the sea are diminishing in number. There is no recent hunt to equal in magnitude that which took place off the Faroe Islands in 1644, when over a thousand whales were captured in two expeditions, and the next in size was one which took place in the Hebrides towards the end of the eighteenth century. Still, it can hardly be said that the diminution is extraordinary, since, in the Shetland drive, which forms the subject of a lawsuit, expected to come on shortly, in the Edinburgh Court of Session, over three hundred were killed. The dispute arose, as so many others have done, over the division of the spoil. It has been customary for the landlord of the beach where the whales are driven ashore to claim one-third of the proceeds, but the fishermen now urge that bottle-noses stand exactly in the same position as fish that have been hooked or netted. From the point of view of the on-looker, who has no pecuniary interest in the result, it must be said that the existence of mercenary motives is a distinct advantage. It increases the excitement, sharpens the sporting instinct, and lends a zest and eagerness to the chase which it

would otherwise want. Not that the dividend is so very great after all. After the latest of these hunts, which took place in Westray, one hundred and thirty whales were sold by auction, bringing in a total sum of 249. 12s. which had to be divided between the crews of thirty boats, and did not yield two pounds to each individual. Yet that amount is large enough in the eyes of the poor fisher-craftsmen of the islands to stimulate their utmost ardour. A thrill of keen excitement shoots through the whole community when it is announced that "the calving whales are in the voe." It is then that the yachtsman who is fortunate enough to be in the vicinity, or the more economic traveller who is crossing from island to island in a packet-boat, has an opportunity of witnessing one of the most animated sights of the North.

The shoal of whales is evidently under no alarm. They have followed their prey, the smaller fish, into the intricate channels of the peninsula, and, if left to themselves, would eventually find their way to the open sea again. Sometimes the gleam of a dorsal fin is seen in the sunlight, sometimes a dozen small rainbows are formed above the dark-blue sea as the spray flies upward from their blow-holes; they play in the same uncouth way as a herd of oxen, now chasing one another, and anon indulging in awkward gambols. No sooner is all this visible, however, than the heavy Shetlanders are changed into a new man. There is a rush for every possible kind of weapon—not only harpoons and guns, but knives of every description, and even scythes and agricultural implements. In addition to weapons such as these, however, the boatmen arm themselves with every known variety of noise-making instrument, tongs and fire-irons, kettles and tin-pails, into which gravel and pebbles are cast to jingle, and great quantities of stones. The object of this strange equipment is simple. Unless the whales can be driven on the shallows, it is hopeless to chase them, and therefore the boats move out to make a semicircle round them. Then rises a din as of Babel. Pots and pails and fire-irons are jingled, old blunderbusses are discharged, and the men vie with one another in making strange noises. Indiscriminate shouts, cat-calls, cock-crowing, cawing, and yelling, make the rocky echoes on the shore ring again, while showers of stones are thrown to increase the fright of the cetaceans. But it requires it all to stir them up. Sometimes their dark skins will be discerned glowing in the sunshine as, seemingly in placid enjoyment, they float on the surface of the water, while others swim and play without alarm. Still, they gradually sheer off as their pursuers approach, at first, without showing any signs of alarm. But the oarsmen warm to their work, and the yelling semicircle gradually approaches, again determined to excite the quarry, so that they may strand themselves in their bewilderment. At last they swim off, but stop when they get to a distance, resuming their old movements, but evidently keeping an eye on the boats which still follow, and which they allow to approach very closely again. Fortunately they have no fight in them, and do not seem to understand that a boat might be attacked with disastrous results. It is here, however, that experience is of advantage. Many a shoal has been lost by an unguarded attack. When a whale feels cold iron penetrating its flesh it seems absolutely to lose its senses, and plunges straight forward in whatever direction its nose may lie. If that happens to be to the shore, its destruction is certain, for it will rush blindly on till it is grounded on the shallows; but if some too-eager sportsman drives his harpoon into a bull looking seaward, he will rush madly in that direction through the line of boats and will probably be followed by the whole of the herd. After a mad flight like that, it seems, however, to recover itself very quickly, for the aggravated and disgusted fishermen will sometimes see their escaped prey blowing and gambolling quite happily as they bear away for the German Ocean, or the Atlantic, or the Pentland Firth. Occasionally it will be possible to surround them again, and counteract the mistake by resuming the old tactics. Any one who has watched fish in their haunts, knows how easily terrified they are by shadows; a swallow coming between the sun and the water will cause an innumerable shoal of minnows to fly to the depths. It is amusing to notice the same thing in the great whales. On a sunny day the water of the voes is clearer than any other. Waving tangle and black rock and smooth pebble are seen through many fathoms of it. Now it has happened in very bright weather that the whales, too slowly driven, have had time to take fright in the comparatively shallow water, and fled to sea in terror at seeing on the sandy ocean-floor their own black shadows.

By a series of duels the supremacy of one bull—called by the Orcadians the "mester whall"—is established, and on the management of him depends largely the success of the hunt. He is followed by all the others, and it is almost touching, after a long chase, to watch the cows coaxing the tired calves by swimming back and bleating to them to keep up with the herd. They are very affectionate, and the capture of a young one is often made a means to secure the mother. If the herd can be headed for the shore at the proper moment the excitement seems to culminate. Gun, harpoon, and noise are used to hurry them on, and no sooner are they stranded than the boatmen are amongst them for the slaughter. Stripped all but the trousers, the islander goes into the fight as his forefather went into battle. The experienced whaler knows exactly the right spot beneath the flipper wherein to bury his knife, but the younger hands make some odd mistakes—the present writer having seen a man hammering a whale's bony head as if it were an ox he meant to fell with no more effect than that of tremendously irritating the animal. The scene of butchery is by no means a pleasant one. If one could only hear the language of the whalers without seeing them it would be easy to imagine they were fighting a human enemy. But their words are almost lost amid the groaning, bellowing, and shrieking of the dying whales. Indeed, the sight is nearly as strange as one can be unexpectedly come upon in these islands. The tiny beach which breaks in two a bold and broken line of rocky coast is thronged with people—some sightseers only, some with hawsers, already preparing to drag the carcasses from the water, others in their shirt-sleeves butchering the whales. Half-an-hour ago one could count every little shell beneath the water; now, for several furlongs out at sea, it is reddened and streaked with blood. In their agony the creatures are churning their into crimson foam, or sending ruddy streams upward from their blowholes. But it is not long before their torture is finished, and then the auctioneer does his part preparatory to the flensing and division of the money. This often gives rise to disputes. Not only is demur made to the payment of the landlord's share, but there are some curious old laws, such as that prohibiting women from taking a share, which often lead to contention.

THE MEMORIAL TO THE LATE HENRY RICHARD, ESQ., M.P.

THIS work, erected by public subscription, was unveiled in Abney Park Cemetery, last Friday, by A. Illingworth, Esq., M.P., in the presence of Mrs. Henry Richard and family, the Memorial Committee, and an assembly of about a thousand persons. Various designs were submitted to the Memorial Committee, one specially prepared by Mr. E. J. Physick, sculptor, being unanimously adopted, and the commission given to Mr. Physick to carry out the work. The character of the memorial is Gothic. The central part is composed of Sicilian marble richly carved, with eight beautiful receding panels, and raised upon massive Gothic sub-plinths. Around the central panels are grouped eight polished red granite columns, with richly-carved foliated caps and bases, supporting a Gothic pediment, which rises to a height of nearly ten feet. In the front next the roadway, Mr. Physick has modelled a most lifelike medallion of the

late Mr. Henry Richard, the portrait being considered by the family as the best which has been done. It is in pure white marble, and is a work of the highest Art. This memorial, when unveiled,



was received with a very audible expression of unanimous approval, and is highly honorable, both for originality of design and beauty of execution, to the sculptor.

STRANGE FRUITS

To those who are able to carry back their recollection over a period of twenty or thirty years it must be a noteworthy fact that, as they wander through the avenues of Covent Garden, or past the depôts of fresh fruit in various parts of London, something like one-half of the species of fruit they now see on sale are almost, as the song says, "strangers yet."

If we take the trouble to reckon up those which have entered the English market as regular commodities, even within the past ten or a dozen years, we can hardly fail to be struck with the advance which has been made in this direction. There are those still living who can recall the time when even the orange was somewhat of a curiosity; and thousands can remember when the first instalment of pale and half-green specimens used to appear with December as the forerunner of a supply which was exhausted by March or April.

Sailing schooners by the score were "on the station" between London and St. Michael's, in the Azores, where the trade was then in the springtide of its prosperity, and would take a fortnight or three weeks in making their way home. At present, there is not a day in the year when oranges, from one source or another, cannot be bought in London; while, during the ordinary season, we receive them in a stage of ripeness formerly unknown. St. Michael's was soon compelled to share the honours with Valencia, and Valencia, in its turn, with Malta and a dozen other Mediterranean ports, from Tangier to Jaffa. Then succeeded the West Indies and Florida, and even distant Brazil put in a claim to be represented in the orange markets of Great Britain.

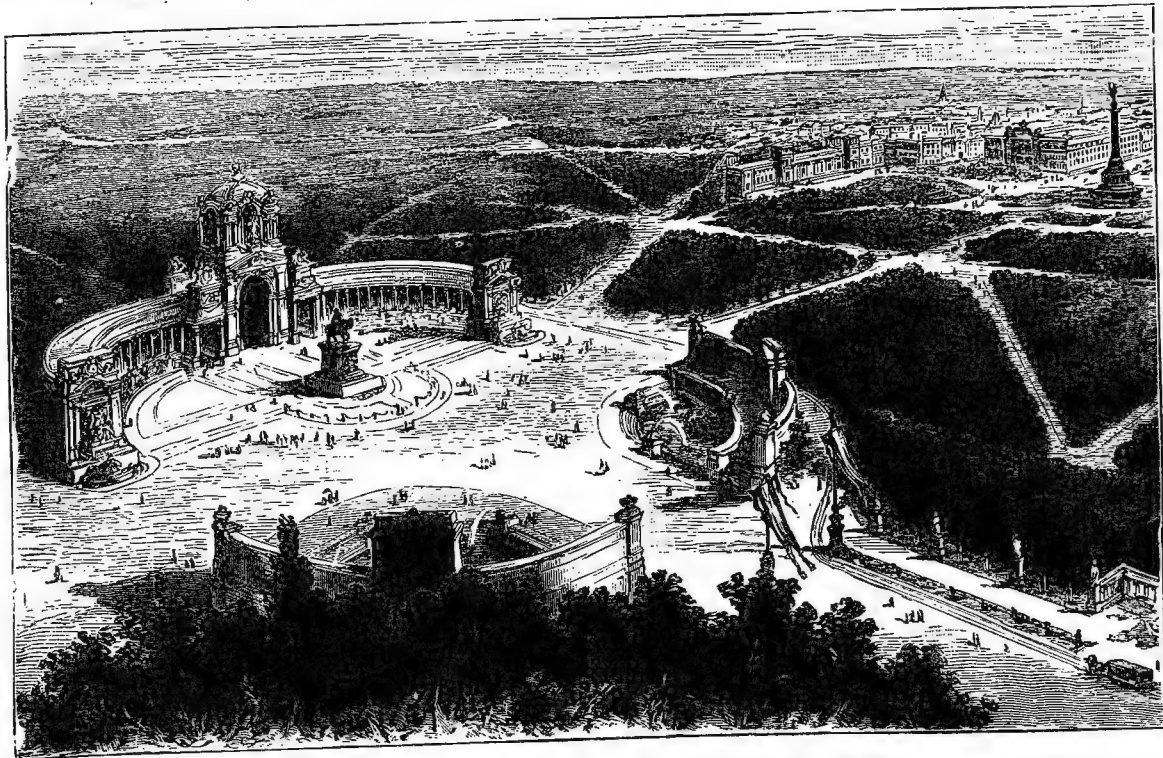
As a result of all this we have naturally struck up a gradual acquaintance with a whole generation of new comers. The now familiar banana was, in like manner, first a curiosity, then an

Madeira. Presently we were honoured with a shy and chary visit from the delicious custard-apple, which now puts in a regular, though restricted, appearance in our shops during the winter; and still, unfortunately, at an almost prohibitive price. Being, in its way, one of the choicest fruits the world produces, we may venture to hope that a very few years will put us on better terms with it. The mango soon followed suit; and although too dependent on the supreme turn of ripeness to reach us in the full flush of its Indian glory at present, it has yielded to the persuasion of culture so far as to produce a very tolerable semi-tropical representative, like that of the banana. Whether we may expect that the delicious mangosteen will ever grace our tables in like manner is a problem. At present there is scarcely one in a thousand of our countrymen—botanists and colonists excepted—who even know it by sight. The same may be said of the bread-fruit—a staple of life in many regions, but as unfamiliar as Chinese grammar to any of us, except those who have taken the trouble to hunt it up in the museums at Kew or elsewhere. At rare intervals a few of us who have friends on the West Coast of Africa may chance to see a few specimens of the exquisitely delicate avocado, or alligator pear, and have learned to take out the stone, fill the hollow with sherry, and eat the dainty, custard-like pulp with a spoon. Once or twice it may have been seen in our shops, in a hard, immature condition, and at a fancy price, and possibly have been voted a tasteless and unsatisfactory production in consequences. Less likely still are we to have made a home acquaintance with the gay little rose-apple, which in the land of its nativity comes popping down from the heights of its stately tree, and lies waste on the ground in heaps; unless where the children care to pick it up, and chew its pink-tinted flesh. We have never seen the brush-like bunches of feathery flower which precede its growth, and we know not the pure rose-flavoured jelly which can be prepared from its pulp. At times our eye is caught as we wander through some fruit mart by strange forms of the nut species. The kola, the butternut, or the sapucaia visit us now and again, though with such uncertainty that we scarcely muster the curiosity to give them a trial. On other occasions we may find our attention arrested by the sudden abundance of some product familiar in species, but of new parentage. Southern Italy sends up a shipload of its little common round fig, to be retailed "at a price" to our fruit-eating community, instead of, perhaps, being swept up in heaps under the trees and given to the pigs, or dug into the ground as manure—by no means an unheard-of case in seasons of copious production. Stately-looking pineapples—not the hardy little West Indians of outdoor growth, but well-matured denizens of the St. Michael's hothouse—are trundled through the streets on a "coster's" barrow, and at costers' prices too. As to apples and pears, and such-like fruits of tougher mould, we scarcely know or care whence they come, so that they are once established as perennials. The very antipodes can pour into our stores and auction-rooms any produce which is fairly indifferent to a month or six weeks at sea.

But there is a lesson behind all this which we who stay much at home have scarcely yet realised. We are apt to ascribe our new and increased supply of strange fruits exclusively to the improved facilities and rapidity of communication. This, however, is only one factor in the case. There are two others of scarcely less importance. The first is that Nature has made many, or even all, of the so-called tropical fruits so far capable of acclimatisation that the scene of their growth can be brought considerably nearer to our own fog-bound shores than we had previously any idea of. Few people know that the orange-tree has been known to survive the winter out of doors in South Wales, and the banana in the Scilly Isles. We do not, of course, expect them to ripen fruit in such circumstances; but, as evidence of what can be done by simple culture, they afford a highly encouraging example. What developments may be awaiting our English and foreign fruit-growers as the results of grafting and careful cultivation on many fruits which are now practically allowed to grow wild can hardly be forecast; but it is beyond doubt that the possibilities indicated by the fruits above named, as well as many more, show that their cultivation is absolutely in its earliest infancy; and herein lies the second, but by no means the least important, factor in fruit supply.

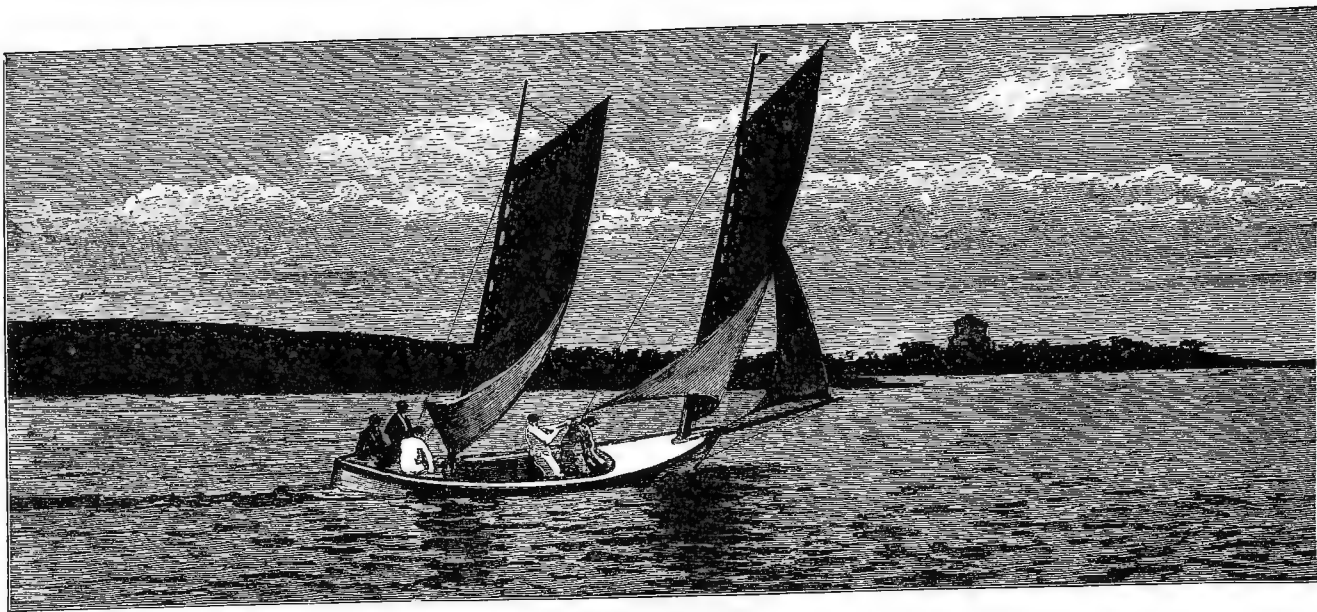
THE MEMORIAL TO THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM I.

THE proposed erection of a memorial to the late Emperor William I., has given rise to more excitement in German Art circles than has been experienced since the building of Cologne Cathedral. The question of the design for the proposed memorial was submitted by the Government to open competition throughout Germany, and resulted in the selection of a design by M. Bruno Schmitz (of Düsseldorf). The site fixed upon as being the most

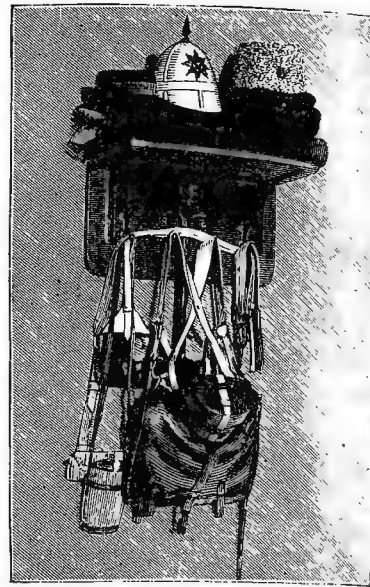


occasional and experimental importation, and finally a regular one. Even yet we are but casually acquainted with its varied uses and applications. Only here and there we meet with a cook who will condescend to favour us with the dainty banana fritter, and still more rarely with one who can provide the luscious compôte of banana chopped in orange-juice, and capped with a soufflé of cream. Then, and by these means, we begin to learn that the banana and some of its compeers are not essentially tropical in their nature, but can be produced, in very tolerable perfection, no further away than

appropriate (which forms the subject of our engraving), is in the large square of the Charlottenburgerstrasse, Berlin, immediately in front of the triumphal arch through which the Emperor rode on his return home from his victorious French campaign. The memorial, which is to be composed of granite and bronze, represents the Emperor on horseback—its principal feature being the undoubted simplicity of its design. The memorial is to be erected as an everlasting monument to the late Emperor, but it is intended that it shall also commemorate the establishment of the German Empire.



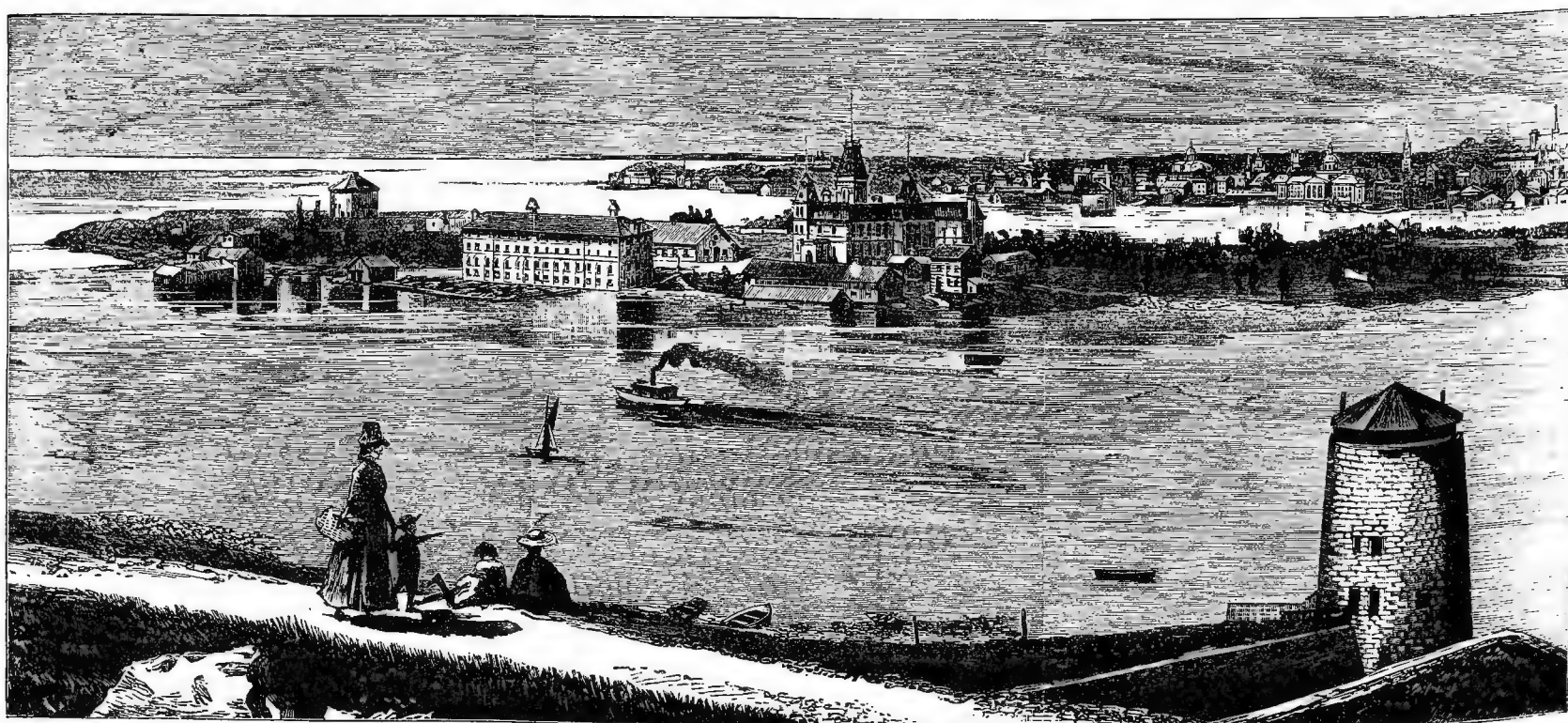
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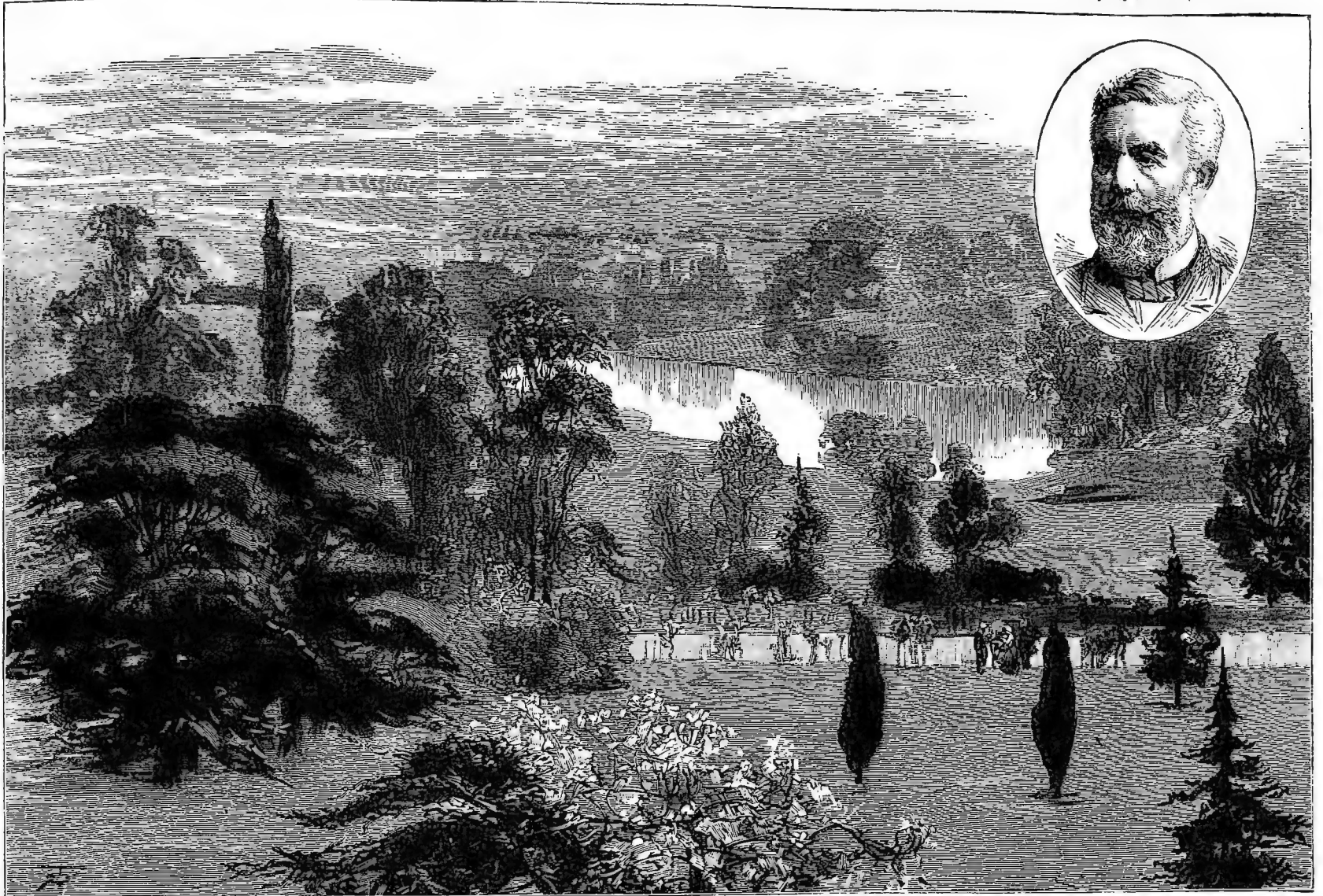
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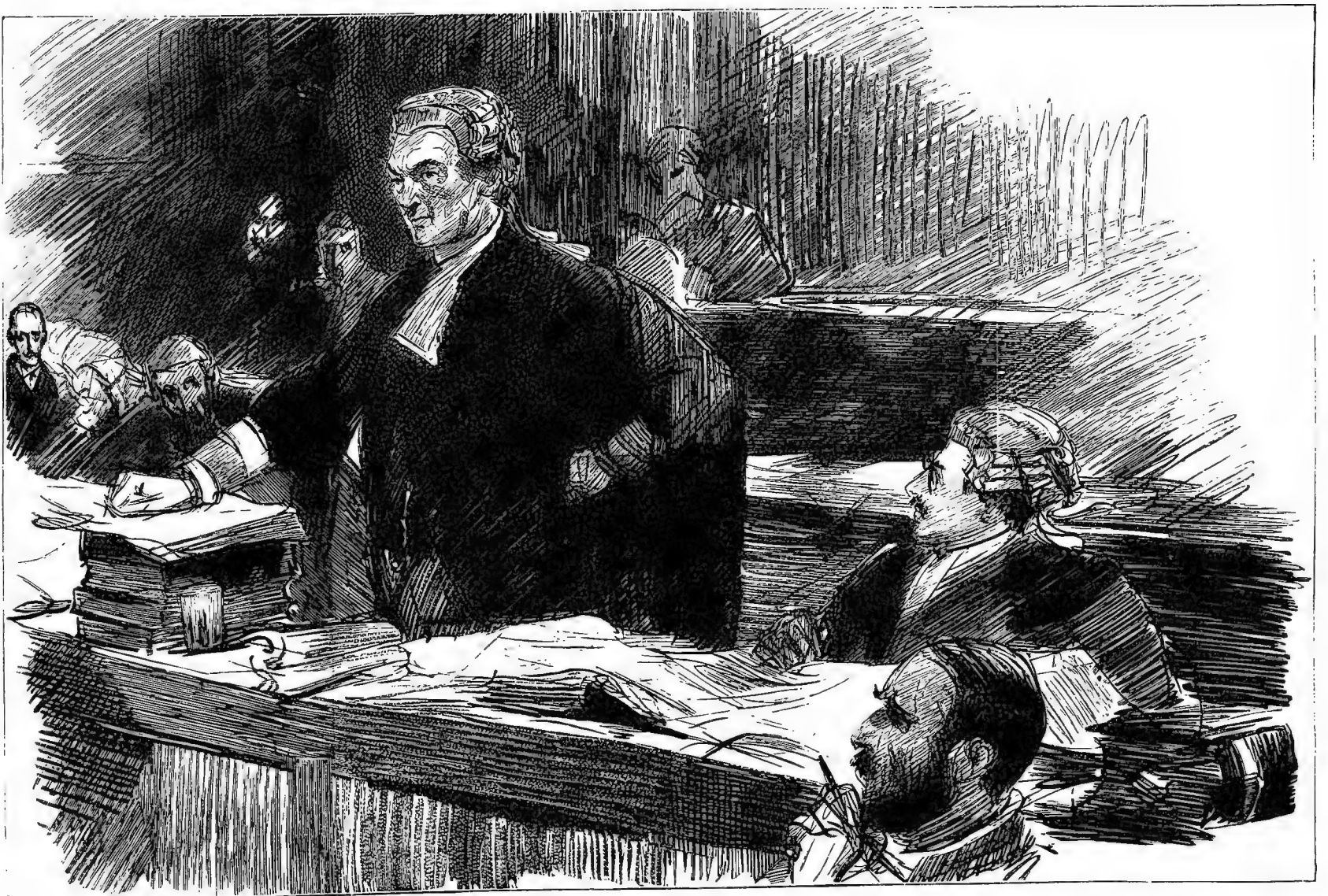
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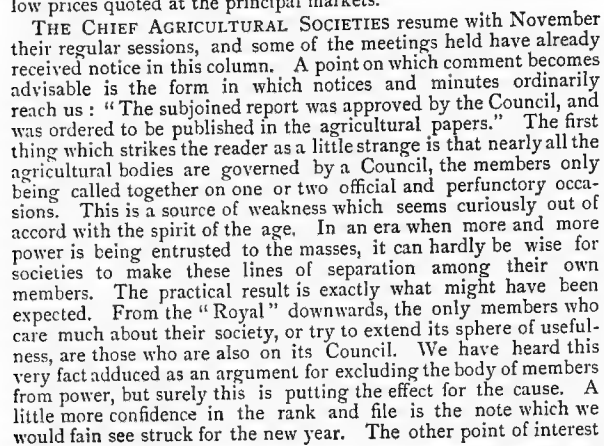
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ENAMELLED BED-ROOM SUITES.
NEW DESIGNS in ART COLOURS.
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AN AUTUMN FLOWER is wanted free from the formality of aster and pompon, from the disorderly raggedness of the Japanese chrysanthemum, and from the general shapeliness of the wall flower. Is such a flower to be found to succeed the single dahlias of September and to replace the last of the marigolds and sun-flowers? We think there is such a flower in the blue *marguerite*, *Agathaea caelestis*. This is an old-fashioned plant which is still plentiful in the cottage gardens of rural Surrey and Kent. Its daisy-like flowers are of a peculiar delicate blue—a "pathetic" colour, we have heard æsthètes call it; and certainly there is something in the plant suggestive of its flowering in one season only, "in autumn, at the fall of the leaf." Planted out during the summer, it soon forms dense bushy specimens that come into blossom in October, and continue in flower until the frost of November becomes really keen. The plants may be brought indoors in November, and in the window of a warmed room will

DAIRY DAIRIES in London are not uncommon, where visitors may see model arrangements of sanitary cleanliness, economy, and efficiency. But these are places where the owner's self-interest compels him to carry on his business so as to satisfy the demands of a fastidious public and of watchful official inspectors. The convenient National Cookery Institution, now being completed in the Buckingham Palace Road, will doubtless teach students how to cook milk as well as other articles of food, and already a London Dairy School has come into existence to instruct the metropolis on all matters relating to the working, preservation, and distribution of dairy products. Happy Hampstead is the locality chosen for this Home Counties Dairy School, and doubtless many shepherd boys and shepherd maids will avail themselves of the opportunity here afforded them. The school should be practical, and so assist those who come to learn with a view of working for wages, and it should also be fashionable, as instructing young ladies in household details and order. A dairy-educated lady could scarcely fail to become a good manager as mistress of a household. It is a little odd that London should be taken under the patronage of Bath (the school is the offspring of the old West of England Society, and not, as might be expected, of the British Dairy Farmers' Association); but, as good milk needs no patron, London may welcome and support the Hampstead Dairy School—backed up as it is by an Eclectic Committee of noblemen, gentlemen, and dairy-school headmasters and chemists, whose names command confidence. Mr. Bernard Dyer, B.Sc., is the hon. local sec., and the school is in Heath Street, Hampstead, on premises placed at the disposal of the Committee by the Express Dairy Company.

COMPENSATION FOR A DEAD INDIAN.—If a Redskin is killed in a quarrel his relatives are usually appeased by payment. An overbearing young Assineboine buck once came into the Milk River agency and bent his bow and arrow on the agent's pet dog. The agent warned him if he shot the dog he would kill the Indian. The young buck shot his arrow; the agent killed him. His companions expected to have some trouble, but the grief-stricken father came forward on behalf of the relatives, and claimed that, in consideration of the young man being such a good buffalo-runner, the agent must pay for the loss of such a person a red blanket, a piece of calico, and four pounds of sugar. He complied with their demands, but the vengeful relatives thereafter adopted him as their banker. The mother and other relatives of the slain young man scarcely ever met the agent without embracing him, and, with endearing epithets, begging for something more in remembrance of the good buffalo-runner.

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THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

Brazil, as everybody knows, is the largest of the South American States. It occupies two-thirds of the Atlantic coast-line of the Continent, and more than half the total area. Almost the whole of the country, which in extent is nearly equal to Europe, lies within the tropics—a fact which probably accounts for a good many events in its history. That history may be said to have begun as far as European settlement is concerned, in the year 1500, when the Portuguese discovered the subject-matter of the country. In 1532 Brazil, a colony with Portuguese blood, led by the hero of Spain, and as a consequence of that once free under the dominion of the Dutch Republic, Portugal regained its independence in 1549, and some thirteen years later Brazil also was separated from the Hollanders. The next hundred and fifty years the country progressed, slowly but surely, in wealth and civilization, until, in 1808, when Portugal was invaded by the French, the Portuguese Royal family transferred themselves, bag and baggage, to their great colony, which thus became, in consequence of an event which was at once ancient and modern, the seat of a monarchy which, in the eyes of the world, was at once ancient and modern. The next events travelled fast. Upon the accession of Napoleon in 1815, and the consequent return of King John VI. to Portugal, Brazil was raised to the rank of a kingdom under the suzerainty of Portugal. But Revolution, which finds the atmosphere of South America peculiarly fertile, had even then begun to raise its head. To keep track of the history of new Constitution, the first of many, was, in 1821, granted to Brazil, and Prince Pedro was appointed Regent. But the storm was only averted for a moment; it soon broke out again; the Regent, Dom Pedro, sided with the Brazilians against the Portuguese, and was declared Emperor of Brazil. In 1822, the country, and in 1823, a transition period of confusion with European support of the emperor. His throne did not prove a stable one, however, the wave of revolution which had washed over the country began to rise again, and although in 1824 a Constitution was granted the intestine troubles continued. A few years later, the Province of Uruguay revolted from the Empire and set up for itself, and in 1831 Dom Pedro abdicated in favour of his son, Dom Pedro II., who



DOM PEDRO, EMPIRE OF BRAZIL

was then only five years of age. The Regency which for nine years governed the country soon became as unpopular as the Emperor had been, and in 1840 Dom Pedro II., was, at the age of fourteen, declared of full age, and began the reign which has just closed. He was married in the following year, and in 1843 married Donna Theresa Christina Maria, daughter of Louis I., King of the Two Sicilies, by whom he has an only daughter, the Princess Isabel, married to Louis Philippe of Orleans, eldest son of the Duc de Nemours.

Under Dom Pedro's enlightened and liberal rule, Brazil has been wonderfully free from those revolutionary troubles which have continued to bedevil all the other South American States. Wars, were, indeed, forced upon her by Rosas, the President of the Argentine Confederation, during the 1840s, and, later on, by that arch stirrer-up of civil war; but Brazil emerged from these struggles improved both in men and money, but still an empire. Railways were planned and executed upon a vast scale, the great rivers which traverse the country were made available for navigation, and her vast natural resources were developed. For nearly the whole of this work Dom Pedro himself was personally responsible. He always kept well in touch with European notions; and, in fact, paid several visits to the Old World for the purpose of inducing capitalists in the development of his empire. But the activity of the Emperor did not end here. His liberal views induced him to pass several measures for the improvement of the condition of his subjects. Chief among these, of course, was the abolition of slavery throughout the Empire. The tropical position of the country had, of course, been eminently favourable to its growth. It was no light task, therefore, that Dom Pedro set himself. In 1852, however, he succeeded in passing an Act by which the slaves were to be gradually emancipated, and the process is now almost complete. Unfortunately, these and other measures of a similarly tolerant tendency did not gain for the Emperor the popularity which he ought to have secured by them. The planters, who form a large and important section of the population, were embittered by the loss of their slaves; the more bigoted Roman Catholics were annoyed, moreover,

by the Act of June, 1888, which abolished the State religion, and accorded freedom of worship to all creeds.

At one time Brazil was almost inaccessible to European colonists, owing to the jealousy of the native Brazilians. Dom Pedro has changed all this, and of late years there has been a vast influx of Europeans into the colony, most of them Germans and Italians. Even the newcomers, however, have not been grateful. Disaffected when they left Europe, they have remained disaffected in Brazil. These classes, then—the slave-holders, the Roman Catholic clergy, and the immigrants—have joined with the theoretical Republicans existing in every State to overthrow the Empire. No immediate danger, however, was feared, and the announcement of the Revolution at the end of last week came as a thunderbolt out of a clear sky.

The *pronunciamento* was not more remarkable for its suddenness than for the absence of bloodshed with which it was carried into effect. The first sign of it was the attack by some soldiers upon Baron de Ladario, the Minister of Marine. On the same day the Ministry resigned, and a Provisional Government was appointed, which proceeded to depose the Emperor. On Saturday his Majesty, who had at first declared that he would yield only to force, changed his mind, and announced his intention of going to Europe; and on Sunday he and his family carried the intention into effect. The moving spirit in the Revolution has been General Deodoro da Fonseca, a sort of Brazilian Boulanger, who some time ago was guilty of insubordination, and who, but for the Emperor's clemency, would have been tried by court-martial. Instead, he was sent to take a provincial command, with the result which we have seen. He is the President of the new Government; the other members, several of whom are journalists, are Senhor Aristide Lobo, Minister of the Interior; Senhor Quintin Bocayura, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Dr. Barbosa, Minister of Finance; Senhor Campos Salles, Minister of Justice; M. Benjamin Constant, Minister of War; Rear-Admiral Vanderholts, Minister of Marine; and Senhor Demetrio Ribeiro, Minister of Agriculture.

Dom Pedro is to receive from the new Government a lump sum of 2,500,000 dollars, in addition



DONNA THERESA, EMPIRESS OF BRAZIL

tion to an annual payment of 450,000. It is stated that he will reside in Paris, and although it would seem that he may not have made such a bad bargain in exchanging for the easy life of Europe the anxiety of ruling over his ungrateful subjects, the ungrateful subjects are by no means unlikely to repent at leisure the haste with which they have rid of their old love and welded themselves to the new.

Rio Janeiro, where the above-mentioned Emperor took place, is the capital of Brazil, and is one of the unequalled advantages in situation and climate. The harbour share with that of Sydney the honour of being the finest in the world. Though it extends for sixteen miles, and is so vast in extent that it is said to be capable of accumulating the waves of the world, it is completely landlocked, the entrance being only a mile wide. To the left of the entrance stands the Sugarloaf Mountain, as shown in engraving. The city itself stands on the west shore of the harbour, about four miles from its mouth. It consists of two portions—the Old Town, which is laid out in squares, the streets being narrow and ill-paved, and the houses (built of granite, the most plentiful generally two stories high; and the New, which is much better built, and is well-lighted. These two portions of the city are separated from one another by an immense square or park, the Campo de Santa Anna, in which stand many of the principal buildings. The Cathedral of Nossa Senhora da Gloria, which is a conspicuous object in the panorama below, stands on a lofty hill on the side of the city, but, like the other churches of the city, possesses no particular architectural merit. Among the other noticeable buildings are the Hospital of Misericordia, the Public Library, the Academy of Medicine, and the College of Dom Pedro II. The climate of Rio resembles a perfect spring, but this, apparently charming characteristic has its drawbacks, for yellow fever is endemic in the Brazilian capital, and every year carries off thousands of victims. Gradually, however, with the improvement in sanitation which have lately been introduced, and for this, again, the Brazilians are largely indebted to their late ruler, this drawback may be expected to disappear—Our portraits are from photographs by Mota, 727, Broadway, New York.

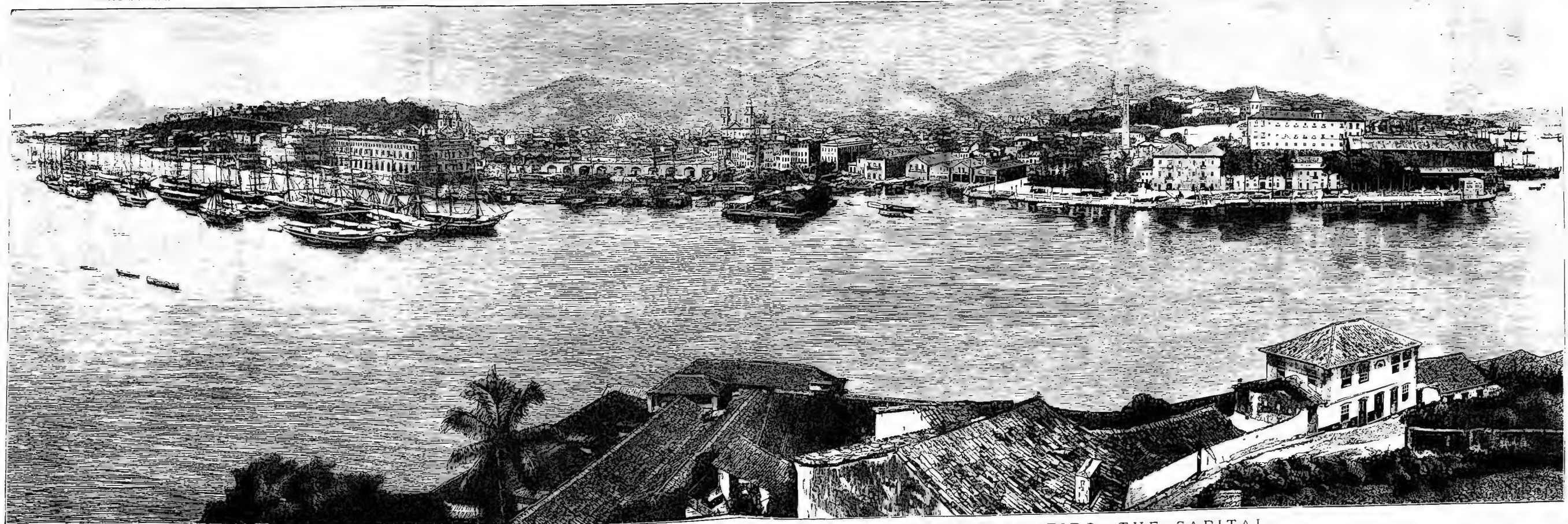
SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN

HOSPITAL OF MISERICORDIA CHURCH OF THE GLORIA

CANDIARIA


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THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL—PANORAMIC VIEW OF RIO DE JANEIRO, THE CAPITAL

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Good Complexion! AND Nice Hands!

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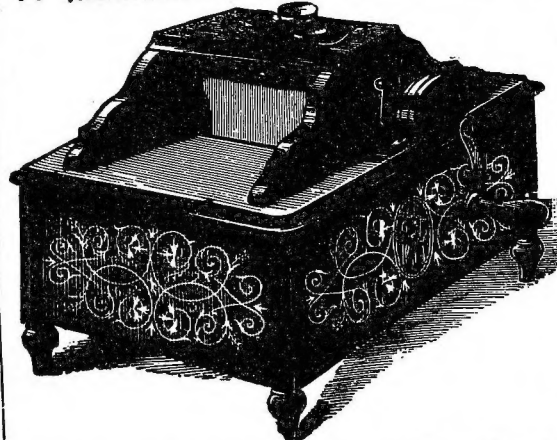
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AN ADDRESS TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON, protesting against the Archbishop of Canterbury's decision affirming the competency of his Court to hear the Bishop of Lincoln's case, is being circulated for signature among the clergy of the Diocese, many of whom, however, strongly disapprove it.

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL has consented to become chaplain of the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the King's (Liverpool Regiment), the old "First Lancashire."

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD, presiding at a meeting there in connection with the Church of England Temperance Society, thought

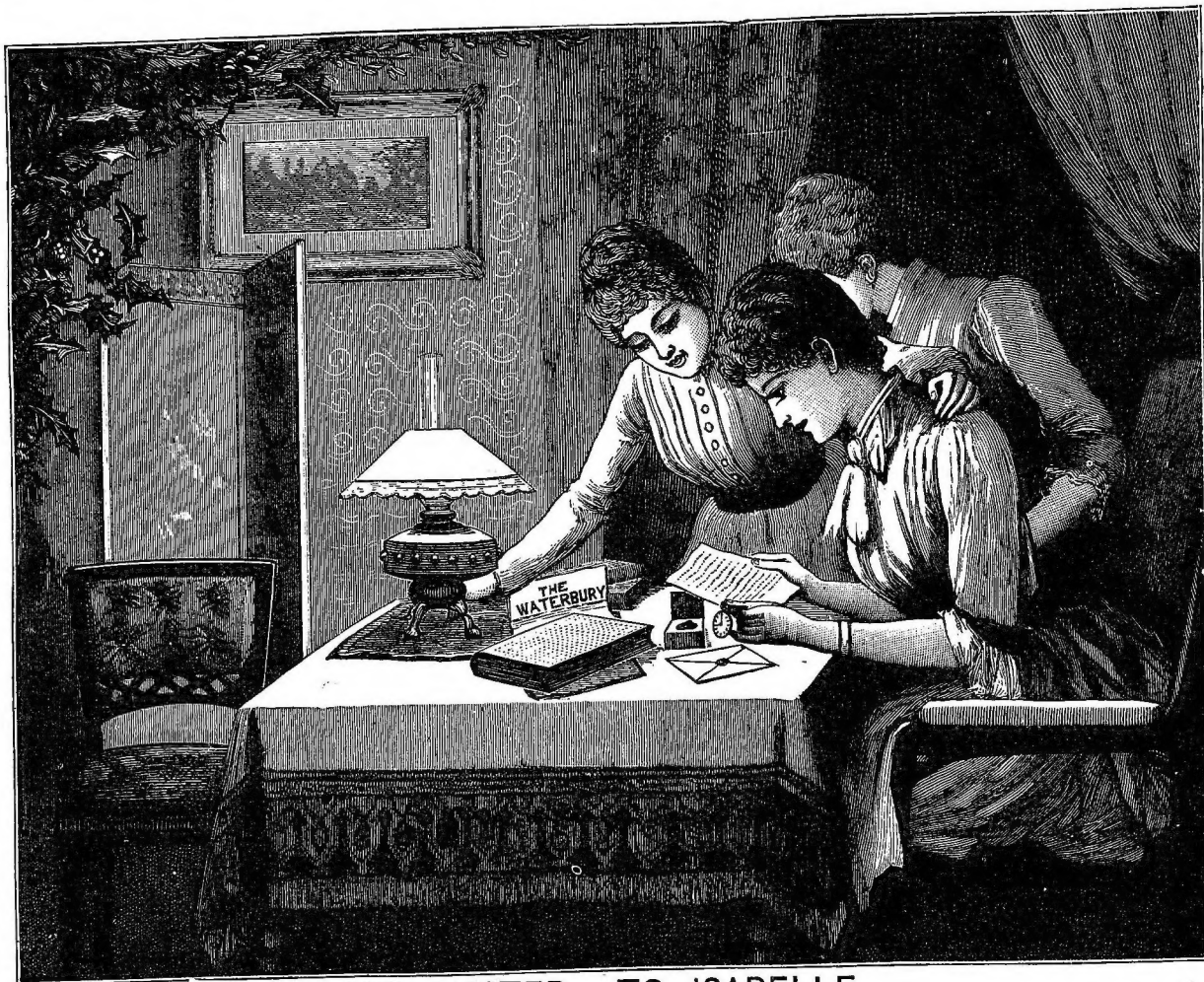
it desirable to suggest that they should "go to work with discretion," adding that some of them had "more zeal than temperance."

THE BISHOP OF CHESTER, at the annual meeting of the Stockport Mechanics' Institution, spoke approvingly of the perusal of wholesome works of fiction, among which he included Shakespeare's plays. He had read over and over again, as soon as he could sufficiently forget them, the "Waverley Novels," and at one time he was anxious to write a first-rate novel, but that ambition he had been obliged to abandon.

MR. POYNTER, R.A., in a letter to the *Times*, has described the deplorable condition of Selby Minster, which unless immediate steps are taken to avert the catastrophe, must collapse into a heap of ruins. The "unequalled Norman nave" thus threatened with destruction Mr. Poynter calls "the most exquisite specimen of Norman architecture that I know." The Rev. A.G. Tweedie, Vicar of Selby, will receive contributions in aid of the preservation of the grand old Abbey Church.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Bishop-Suffragan of Dover, and Arch-

deacon and Canon of Canterbury, Dr. Parry, is resigning, on account of ill health, his Suffragan Bishopric.—The new Mayor of Wakefield has offered eighteen acres near the city as a site for the palace of the Bishop of the Diocese.—A Latin service in Westminster Abbey, on Monday evening, commemorated the benefactors, notably Queen Elizabeth, of the "College of St. Peter in Westminster," generally known as Westminster School, of famous antecedents. Canon Ellison preached the sermon from Hebrews xii. 1, and the Dean pronounced the Benediction.—1,000l. have been subscribed for a memorial to the late Canon Portal, Chairman of the National Deposit Friendly Society. It is to take the useful form of a reading and coffee-room at Burghclere, where he was Rector for nearly twenty years. A site and 50l. have been given by Lord Carnarvon.—Mr. Spurgeon preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Sunday his last sermon before his annual visit to Mentone.—In the Carlisle Consistory Court, a faculty has been granted for the erection in St. Mary's Church, Ambleside, of two stained windows, in memory of the late Mr. W. E. Forster and of Mr. Matthew Arnold, both of whom were intimately connected with the Lake District.



HIS LETTER—TO ISABELLE.

This watch, dear girl, is like yourself,
This Waterbury "Ladies' L,"
A dainty but a trusty elf;
None can deny it Is-a-belle!
Though small, you'll find it true to time,
The moments readily to tell,
It has no peer in any clime,
This Waterbury "Ladies' L."

More costly gifts may grace your shrine,
Yet none whose worth will prove so well,
There's merit in this gift of mine;
You can't gainsay it Is-a-belle.
It's trifling cost will not detract,
Because you know it Is-a-belle,
From prizing this, although, in fact,
It only is a "Ladies' L."

The merit locked within its case,
Is truthful tales of time to tell,
It has an honest, open face;
Can you deny it Is-a-belle?
Then treat it kindly, and you'll find,
No lady's time-piece can excel,
This queen of watches, new short-wind,
This Waterbury "Ladies' L."

The "LADIES' WATERBURY" is the neatest, prettiest, daintiest, and cheapest watch ever offered to the public. It is a perfect Ladies' Watch; Jewelled, Keyless, Stem-Set, Dust-proof; accurate and durable.

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No watch leaves the factory until thoroughly tested as to its timekeeping qualities, and every one is guaranteed two years.

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ROYAL NAVY,
WOODED BLACKS, and
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ANY LENGTH CUT. **SERGES** CARRIAGE PAID.

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Ladies and Gentlemen should send
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FRY'S
PURE CONCENTRATED
COCOA

To secure this article ask for "Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa."

It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak.—Sir CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

Sunday Times says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to ERADICATE, to CURE the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes does NOT LOWER, BUT BUILDS UP AND TONES THE SYSTEM." Book (128 pages), with recipes and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure OBESITY (average reduction in first week is 2 lbs.), post free 8 stamps.

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SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames, and are thus able to provide exceptional quality at a merely nominal price over inferior makes.

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MARRIS'S ALMOND TABLETS
Will improve the appearance of the Hands, however neglected they may have been.
Of all Perfumers and Chemists.
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Superb Fast Dye. The immense variety of Patterns comprises Specialities for Ladies, Children, and Gentlemen.

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BALDNESS OR GREY HAIR.

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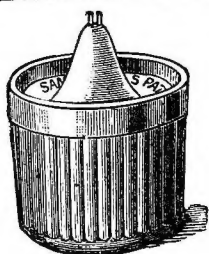
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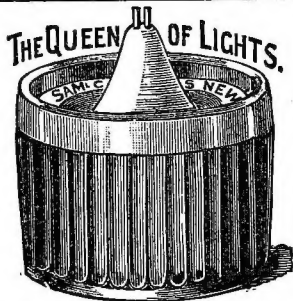
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With Double Wicks, burn 6 hours, in
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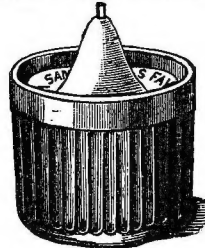
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LINES ON BURNING ONE OF CLARKE'S NIGHT LIGHTS.

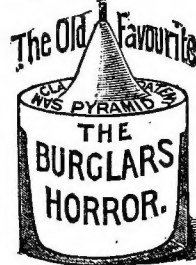
"When nights are dark,
Then think of Clarke,
Who's hit the mark precisely;
For his Night-Lights
Create Light-Nights,
In which you see quite nicely."

W.E.



"Fairy-Pyramid" Light.

IN GLASS.
Single Wick, burn 10 hours. These are
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Lamps. 8½d. per Box.



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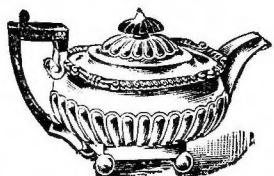
N.B.—There is no PARAFFIN or other DANGEROUS material used in the manufacture of ANY of the ABOVE LIGHTS, which are the only Lights suitable for burning in Lamps.

CAUTION.—Any one infringing the Patent for Fire-proof Plaster Casings, either by manufacturing or selling Night Lights in imitation thereof, WILL BE LIABLE TO LEGAL PROCEEDINGS.

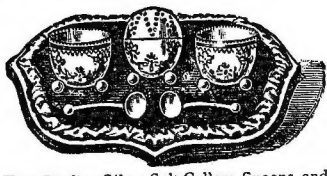
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" & "FAIRY" LIGHT COMPANY, LIMITED, CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W. SHOW ROOM: (WHOLESALE ONLY) 31, ELY PLACE HOLBORN, E.C.,
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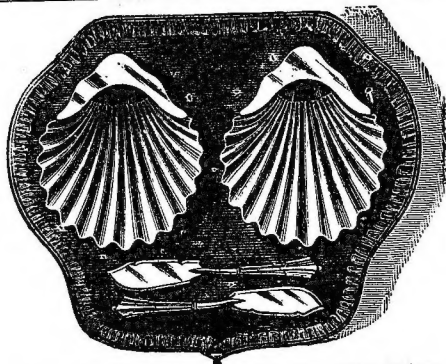
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Teapot, £16 15s. Tea and Coffee Service
complete, £52 10s.



Two Sterling Silver Salt Cellars, Spoons, and
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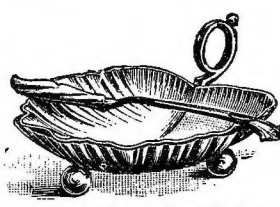
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In Morocco Case, lined Silk. £4 15s. One Shell and Knife,
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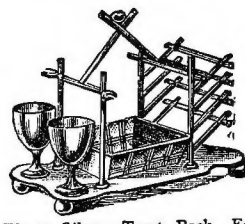
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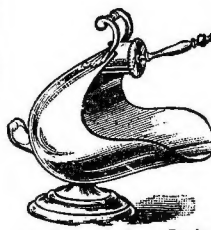
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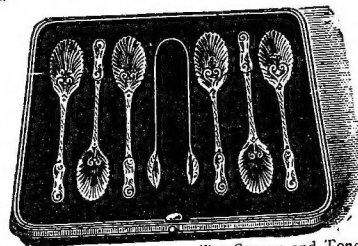
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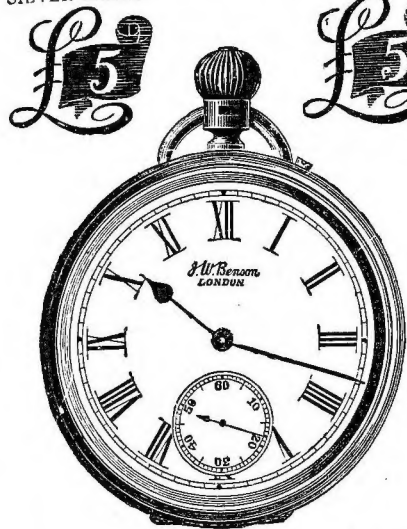
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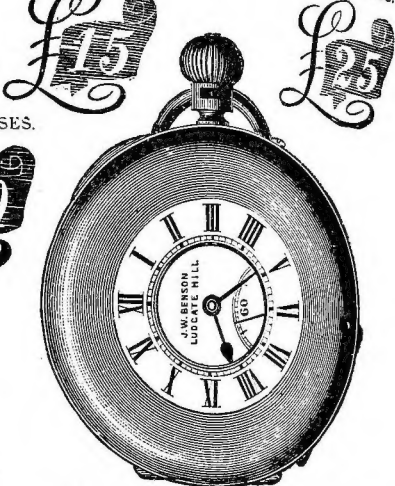
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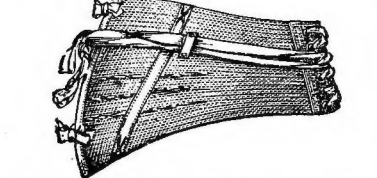
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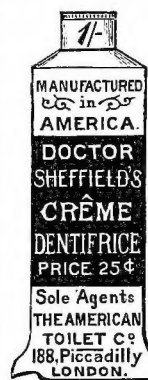


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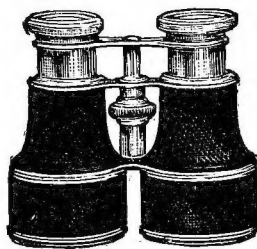
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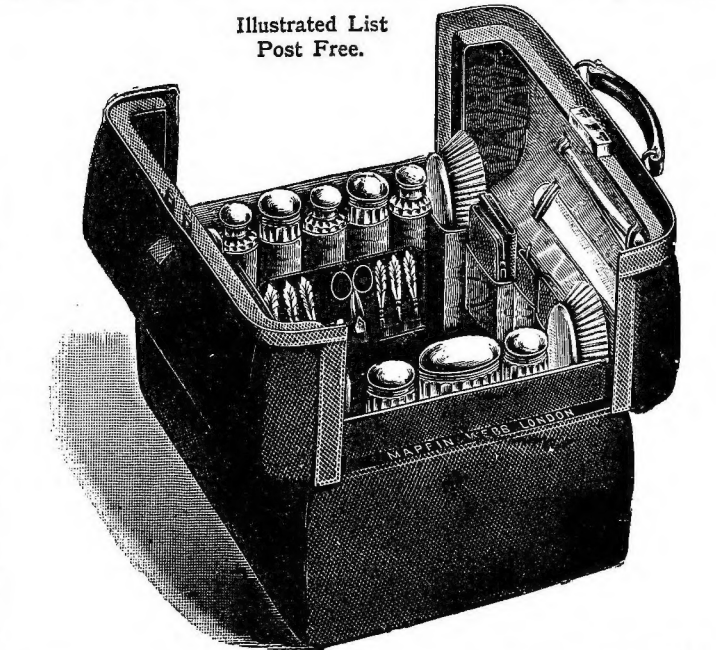
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